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Mostly about People

SEPTEMBER, 1924



Articles of Timely Interest

A Sunset Prayer	Frontispiece	Affairs and Folks	115
JAMES J. HANNERTY		John D. Rockefeller lays his good health to golf	
Affairs at Washington	99	Adam A. Cross presented with a diamond badge	
By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE		George Ade now writing for the motion pictures	
Executive business transacted in the hills of Vermont		Gertrude Atherton a "native daughter" of the Golden Gate	
Labor delegates entertained at the White House		Ambrose Swasey gets a pair of carved elephant tusks	
Seeking more business for the Postoffice Department		Augustus Thomas the dean of American playwrights	
Candidate Davis "swinging 'round the circle"		William Allen White lends lustre to the State of Kansas	
Battleship "Tennessee" offers concentrated educational course		Feodor Chaliapin, world's greatest basso, once a stevedore	
The Home Town Coolidge Club starts a caravan cross country		Governor Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota wanted to be a doctor	
Chairman Shaver has little information to give out		David Belasco the master of stage realism	
Attorney-General Stone is speeding up the work in his department		The Wisdom of Laziness	121
Efficiency and dispatch count for much in government work		Fred Kelly in his latest book tells how to be happy without work	
Dahlias greet September morn		Books, Authors, and You	122
Greeting to the Round-the-World aviators on Bolling Field		RALPH PARKER ANDERSON	
Speaker Gillette may represent the Old Bay State in the Senate		Face to Face with Celebrities	123
National Defense Day parade reviewed by the President		Lenore Ulrich began her stage career at sixteen	
Presidential year fails to slow up business		Howard Chandler Christie, portrait painter of Presidents	
General Pershing passes to the retired list		Captain Robert Dollar, the "grand old man" of the Pacific	
Holy Name Society stages great parade		Frank A. Vanderlip, the founder of the Citizens' Federal Reserve Bureau	
By Air Mail to New York	105	Senator James E. Watson, "the gentleman from Indiana"	
Now are the Arabian Nights outdone		Josephus Daniels, the biographer of Woodrow Wilson	
Washington's Birthplace to be Restored	107	Elbert Hubbard, who founded a literary oasis	
MINNIE KENDALL LOWTHER		Adolph Ochs, the premier of the Fourth Estate	
Wakefield the place where the Father of His Country was born		Howard Carter, the man who dug up King Tut	
The Man in the Chair	108	Anna Pavlova, the world's greatest dancer	
BLYTHE SHERWOOD		Melville Stone, father of the Associated Press	
How Frank Losee acts in one place		Elsie Janis, "the lady of a million laughs"	
All Aboard for the Brockton Fair	109	Tickleweed and Feathers	129
See the prize pumpkins and the crazy-work quilts		FLYNN WAYNE	
Vandals Spare that Shrine	111	Australia—the Lonely and Unique Continent	137
Last home of President James Monroe now a rag-picker's mart		A land of living charm and beauty	
Writing Plays by Wholesale	113		
Owen Davis runs the gamut of dramatic situations			
The Migration of Great Men	114		
KENNETH S. MITCHELL			
The lure of "opportunity" beckons to the adventurous			

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"A Sunset Prayer
Oh Lord, we ask, not
That we may retain,
But give to us,
That we may give again."

Hannerty

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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



FOR a few weeks in August the White House was transferred to the little village farm house in Vermont, in a village that was appropriately named "Plymouth." It was an old homestead scene of historical import. The slender form of the President seen pitching hay may not have handled as large a forkful as some of his Democratic critics insisted upon from a real dirt farmer, but he made no fuss about it and kept right on "making hay

while the sunshine lasted between showers," as he did in the days of young manhood. Calvin Coolidge always had the faculty of getting the hay in the barn somehow.

Contrast the simplicity of this rural scene with the White House a few days later, while the Prince of Wales was being entertained at lunch in the most informal way. It was a hot day and suggested harvest-time dinner at the old homestead, for there was corn-on-the-cob, pickles and a few extra people to feed and hot weather appetites to satisfy. The Prince ate his corn-on-the-cob like a real corn-fed Iowian.

Then came Labor Day with speeches by both candidates—red-hot in campaign fervor, which set people reflecting betimes as to who is to be "who's who" when they are in the cloistered shadow of the voting booth in November next. The returns from Maine's September election indicated that things were going "hell-bent" in Maine, as a barometer for November returns.



THE meeting of the fraternal organizations in Washington occasioned another Presidential address. Free from partisan label, it was an impressive expression of the real thought and mind of Calvin Coolidge, the individual. Then came the rush of labor delegates entertained at the White House and on the lawn. Altogether it seemed as if Calvin Coolidge is conducting a campaign quietly on his own hook without the intermediary of complex campaign organizations.



A WAVE of popular interest has centered on the postoffice department during the month, because of the successful establishment of the mail air routes from coast to coast. This has attracted public attention, but there has been much other work in the department that has kept pace with the development of the air route. New systems have been devised on rural routes for eliminating cost in the distribution of circular matter and stimulating more business. The carriers in remote districts now deliver circular matter by number rather

than by name. The whole system has been simplified. The personnel of the postoffice department indicates a business-like organization seeking for more business based on the merit of service.

In this connection, General John H. Bartlett, first assistant postmaster-general, has made great progress in co-ordinating the greatest business organization in the world. The object is to do more business and to encourage among the patrons of



First Assistant Postmaster-General John H. Bartlett, former Governor of New Hampshire, took up his work in Washington as Chairman of the Civil Service Commission. Beginning his service in the postoffice department early in the Harding administration, he has proved to be an exceedingly popular and efficient executive

the postoffice department an appreciation of the service that can be and will be rendered with proper co-operation. He has held meetings with the postmasters and postoffice employees in many of the states and these conferences have had much to do with the postoffice department keeping pace with the increasing demand for more speed in mail service. General Bartlett has given concentrated thought and energy along this line for four years. The same energy which has characterized his business career and his administration as governor of New Hampshire, has been given to Uncle Sam since he went to Washington as chairman of the Civil Service Commission. His office is filled with the portraits of postmasters, with whom he is personally acquainted, all over the country. Beginning his service in the postoffice department early in the Harding administration, his work was greatly appreciated by the late President Harding.



Robert M. La Follette, the Third Party candidate for President, with a strong following in the West and Middle West, is a cause for concern to the two old-line political parties

Governor Bartlett was born in Sunapee, New Hampshire, and graduated from Dartmouth in

1894. He started in life as a school teacher and still seems to understand just how to instruct people to go ahead and do things. Postmaster General New will make a notable administration of the post office department, marking the era when air-mail service became a practical and established service.



IN the meantime, John W. Davis has proved equal to the emergency. His speeches and his campaign have enthused the old line Democrats with new hope. He is in many ways an ideal candidate. Democrats feel that when he makes the "swing around the circle," his speeches and personal appearance will solidify the party vote. His old-time neighbors in West Virginia are having a real Presidential campaign. It is likely to make Clarksburg, West Virginia, another Canton of McKinley's days, or a Marion, Ohio, of Harding's day. The home town of a presidential candidate is a municipal distinction that rivals metropolitan honor.



WHEN the battleship *Tennessee* was launched, a high note in battleship construction was sounded. It seems more than a floating armament—more like a Marine University, affording for young Americans on the high seas the advantages of a concentrated educational course. Fathers and mothers, inspecting the *Tennessee* seem inclined to encourage their sons to have at least one hitch of service in the navy. When this vessel puts into Southampton, and is inspected by the representatives of the British Admiralty, they will realize that naval development is proceeding on this side of the water.

When I sailed on the battleship *New York* with Admiral Rodman in the North Sea during the war, there was a prophecy

made by Captain Hughes—"We have the men and we will have the ships." The two great navies of the world were teaching each other many things in those Grand Fleet comradeship days that foreshadowed an era of naval construction triumphs unsurpassed. The "Comrades of the Mist" included not only the officers in gold braid, but the British "tar" and American "jackie," who had ears and eyes wide open, making suggestions that have helped in providing the navies with comforts and advantages that will attract and train the right sort of men.

The completed battleship *Tennessee* is a composite result of engineering skill and ideas placed in the suggestion box by the American sailor. The dominant idea seemed to be to make the battleship a place as complete in its comforts and attractions as a home ashore, where general education and naval training might go hand in hand, not forgetting the real business of a battleship. The *Tennessee* might be called a maritime skyscraper.

The two giant guns that protrude forward stand out like warning horns that the preservation of peace is the real mission of navies, the police power of the sea.



Clem Shaver, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is the political leader of West Virginia. He thinks quickly, moves slowly—and seldom speaks



THE chief speculative feature of the presidential campaign, as viewed in Washington, where the La Follette headquarters are located, is the price of grain and the condition of the crops. In other words, the farmer vote is counted as the factor in the Midwest. The barometer has been blowing now hot and cold. There are a large number of young men who have felt that the La Follette movement was an opportunity to demolish the old political parties and start out with a new deal, but the independent Coolidge information committee has been quietly at work telling their story directly and personally to every person that they know who has a La Follette leaning. The Home Town Coolidge Club with headquarters at the picturesque birthplace in Vermont, has started a caravan over the country to campaign on the La Follette plan, with the exception of the oratory. It is reckoned by Republicans everywhere that the La Follette movement is a powerful force to be reckoned with, and that it is a menace not only to the Republicans but to the Democratic ticket out through the western states. Some of the papers in the Midwest have been bold enough to predict confidently that Charles W. Bryan will be the next President. This, in event the house is deadlock over Coolidge and Davis and that La Follette, holding the balance of power in the Senate, will elect Bryan vice-president, who in turn would automatically

become President on the 4th of March, if the deadlock prevails. The straw vote is a rather uncertain quantity this year, as indicated in the confident predictions sent out from Maine. The swing of the tide in the harvest moon has occasioned many candidates to get out their rabbit's paw to follow the shadow and see the moon over the proper shoulder.



Burton Kendall Wheeler, vice-presidential nominee on the Third Party ticket, bolted his affiliation with the Democratic party to cast in his fortunes with La Follette

"Radio broadcasting to unnumbered listeners sounds very attractive," said an old campaigner, "but you have to count on the number of actual voters you're reaching, as you do in a political rally or public meeting. There are not many people who are going to tune in on a political speech when the jazz band is playing."



AMERICANS take their politics seriously, but now and then a gleam of humor will penetrate the fog of a campaign. Chairman Shaver was accosted by one of the Republican National Committee on Pennsylvania Avenue. After the usual greetings about weather and "How's things?" he soberly inquired of the intrepid little commander of the Democratic forces:

"What do you think of a man who would ride a horse in the middle of the night?"

This was a poser, for these days about the only horses they had seen in Washington were in the Museum along with the elephants and camels, calling attention to the means and methods of transportation in the good old days.

Incisively Chairman Shaver inquired:

"Who was that?"

"Listen to me, Clem—it was Paul Revere."

This was about the most important campaign information that was given out that day.



SURFACE indications may not indicate it, but matters are moving at a lively pace at the Department of Justice. The "mills of the gods" may grind slowly, but Attorney-General Stone is speeding up affairs in the Attorney-General's office. This is indicated to an onlooker from the frequent visits he makes to the Executive Office, and the busy signal indicated on his face as he sits patiently awaiting to see the President, putting in every spare moment reading the documents on which he is planning action. The hot summer days had no terror for the Attorney-General. He served with President Coolidge at Amherst, and understands the Presidential mind in getting results after plans have been thoroughly investigated. Many times during the hot summer days the Attorney-General thought of a perfectly good fishing outfit that was hanging in his summer home at Isle au Haut, Maine, awaiting better days. He played center on the football team at Amherst and thoroughly understands how every little movement counts when driving the ball toward the goal. An old newspaper man, observing the Attorney-General busy with his papers, remarked: "He looks as if he might be able to drive a strong pair of mules without shouting much."



EFFICIENCY and dispatch counts in government work when we consider that the government handles billions of dollars in a budget—and that the details of disbursing these billions of dollars devolve upon the men sitting quietly at their desks as if they were handling their own grocery bills. There is some red tape and many exasperating delays in the routine work of Uncle Sam, consequently it is refreshing to find some officials putting the energy of private life into government work.

In the War Department Colonel McMillan was hearing and settling claims amounting to many thousands of dollars. The room was filled with attorneys. There were no conveniences or arrangement for a hearing, but the proceedings that followed would have done honor to any high court. Colonel McMillan had all his facts before him and briefly dispatched cases that had been dragging along for some time. He has studied the



Harlan Fiske Stone, Attorney-General of the United States, had never held public office prior to his recent appointment by the President, but as a member of an important law firm has had an extensive experience in dealing with the complexities of modern business

case from both sides. Colonel McMillan was born in Virginia, and is a lawyer and a good lawyer who is giving the Department the services of a good investigator. His record has reflected great credit upon his Department. Although watching keenly for the government's interest with all the alertness of an attorney's mind, he maintains the open mind of judge and jury so that his work has commended itself, not only to the government officials, but to the public at large who have come in contact with him. Why is it not possible for government employees to make reputations for as distinguished public service as in private life? Why should there be a dead level and submergence of talents because of the circumstances of being on the government payroll?



PASSING the Botanical Gardens with Secretary Wallace, an observation was made by a cynical friend, who served one term in Washington and has been there ever since.

"Are we not growing a hot-house variety of humans for coming generations? Look at the limousines, all glass and closed, the motor boats—all under glass. Wind shields are the order of the day—God help us, we need them, when the campaign oratory begins! Subway, underground tunnels, everything vestibuled to keep out the wind and weather that brings health. Contact with the elements and battling with storms develops the ruddy glow. The old seaman's sight never grows dim in viewing the clouds of an oncoming storm. There is a



General Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the Army Air Service, received his appointment with the rank of Major General in 1921, in recognition of his conspicuously efficient service as Chief of the Air Service of the A. E. F. When the United States entered the war, he went to France as colonel of the famous 1st Engineers, which regiment he had organized and trained

welcome in a storm that makes you feel as if you were driving against something. Resisting the elements and overcoming something and not living in the lackadaisical lazy life of sunshine inertia. Storms, as well as peaceful days, have their use in Nature and the development of human nature."

When he had finished his soliloquy, the Secretary pinned a dahlia in his buttonhole, remarking:

"You win! Dahlias are the flowers that greet the September morn."

The occasion was growing too poetic for me and I hailed the 11th Street car for the busy roar of Pennsylvania Avenue.



BOLLING FIELD was the scene of an event of historic interest when the Around-the-World Flyers arrived. They were greeted by President Coolidge and Secretary Weeks, and there was a feeling that the world is not so big after all. One could not resist looking long and hard at Lieutenant Lowe and his associates to think that that physical form and those eyes had swept the clouds and girdled the earth from Greenland's "icy mountains" to India's "coral strands," making the dream of the poet and hymn writer of long ago a reality. These are certainly busy days. Aeroplanes zipping across the continent, making a trip from Boston to New York in fifty-seven minutes, makes it seem like fifty-seven varieties of exhilaration. Perhaps the Post Taverns of the future are located in the clouds, making even the air castles in Spain a reality.

With all this whirl of activity, the excitement of a Presidential campaign seems tame indeed. The skirmish line of the two political parties was established in the primaries and

now the battle of the ballots will proceed, while the sovereign voter, with a slip of paper, expresses a decree quite as positive and final in its decision as that of a proclamation of an absolute monarch in the good old days when crowns and sceptres were the only symbol of governmental authority.



THE nomination of Speaker Gillette as Senator from Massachusetts was gratifying news at the White House. It will round out a long public career for the Congressman, if he succeeds in reclaiming a Republican Senatorial seat for the Old Bay State. One thing is certain, that the Republicans are insistent on having a working majority, if they have a majority, in the next Congress, and the campaigners are busy seeing to it that every man on the Republican ticket will answer to the roll call and live up to the designation indicated in the Congressional Record. Chairman William M. Butler is sanguine that the Coolidge majority will even equal the record-breaking Harding landslide in 1920, because the people have quietly made up their minds that there is no good reason why Calvin Coolidge should not continue his work at the White House. He believes in an affirmative campaign, without red fire or oratorical outburst, believing that the one object in campaigning is getting the votes and producing the reasons, affirmative and positive, why Calvin Coolidge should remain in the White House and General Dawes continue the constructive work he has done on the Reparations Commission as Vice-President of the United States. The issue is lower taxes, he insists, and more business and more work and general prosperity for every individual voter, letting them choose calmly after looking at the pictures of Coolidge and La Follette and their records, to decide which.



NATIONAL DEFENSE DAY provided an impressive demonstration of available man power mobilized in peace time spirit as visible evidence of war-time preparedness. There was little of military trappings evident in the ranks of the civilian army that marched steadily up Pennsylvania Avenue and past the reviewing stand where the nation's chief executive, by virtue of his office, commander-in-chief of all its armed forces, greeted this civilian parade as a plain citizen.

The route of march led up Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the great ellipse at the south of the White House, and here the marchers formed in a solid group to hear Secretary Weeks and General Pershing speak.

At one side was the reviewing stand, with a great cluster of amplifiers. The President and Mrs. Coolidge remained standing during the time while the column was passing. Secretary Weeks, General Pershing, and other high government officials also occupied the stand.

The parade was as punctual to the moment as an army drill. Behind the police escort came the officers of the general staff, followed by the staff reservists, many of whom were in civilian clothing, and then the regulars. There were groups of civilians among the regular commands. Infantry, cavalry and artillery rolled by—their appearance and bearing evidently delighted the President's eye.

Next came the National Guard with more civilians to fill out the ranks. Behind these were the organized reserve units assigned to the capital. Barely a handful of reserve officers and a great mass of volunteers filling the ranks, composed each unit.

Following the military formations came the auxiliary agencies, the nurse corps, the Red Cross and others.

Before the parade the trio of American world-girdling planes, piloted by their officers, circled over the city in an aerial parade in honor of Defense Day.

When the last unit had moved by to its place on the ellipse,

the President and Mrs. Coolidge returned to the White House, while Secretary Weeks and General Pershing stayed to express their gratitude to the waiting host.

The Secretary of War expressed the thought uppermost in his mind by saying that when he realized that other cities and



Honorable Frederick H. Gillett, Speaker of the House, nominated as Senator for Massachusetts, will round out a long and honorable public career in a most gratifying manner if he succeeds in reclaiming a Republican Senatorial seat for the Old Bay State

communities all over the United States had held similar demonstrations, he did "not hesitate to say that we come nearer having adequate national defense than ever before during peace."

General Pershing told the marchers that "without your support the country would soon drop back into our pre-war attitude of inaction and neglect," and exhorted them to "remember that these plans contemplate a citizen army composed of men who in peace times go about their ordinary business; otherwise, in their stead a much larger standing army would be required."



DESPITE the "presidential year" bugaboo, business is gradually getting better. A few months ago a change in sentiment became evident, and it was felt at that time that good business was ahead of the country, though no concrete signs of improvement had appeared up to that time.

Lately, however, there has been a perceptible increase in various manufacturing lines and trade in general. There is evidence on every side of a better feeling all over the country, and this better feeling, backed up by bumper crops, should bring good business for the balance of the year.

The strength of raw commodities, the fact that merchants have been buying very sparingly for the past eight months, together with the assured fact of generally good crops, all indicate a large business during the balance of 1924, which undoubtedly will extend well into the spring of 1925.

The virtual settlement of European affairs is a very important factor, and the fact that both manufacturer and re-

tailer have learned some very essential economic lessons during the past three or four years tends toward a much healthier business condition.

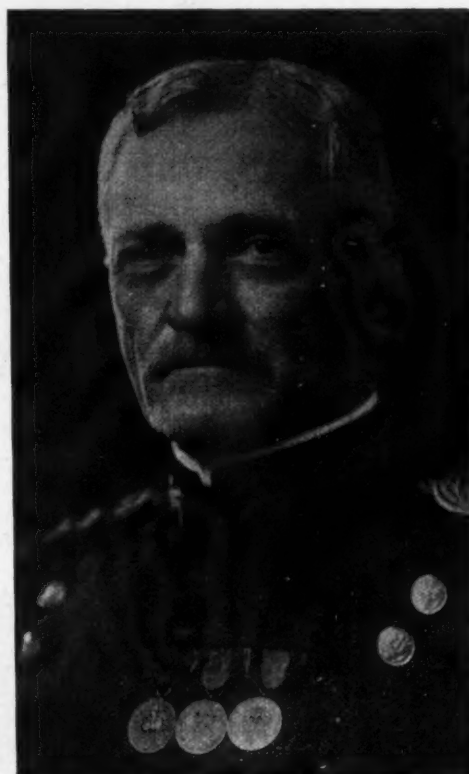
One of the best business barometers is the iron and steel industry. Three or four months ago, the steel business was at the lowest ebb in a generation. The industry as a whole was operating at about forty per cent capacity. Hardly a day now passes, however, that does not witness the blowing-in of several blast furnaces. The industry has stepped up to about sixty per cent capacity, and orders are increasing daily. Car loadings during the past two weeks have been above the million mark, showing that business as a whole is fairly brisk.

All of the fundamentals are present which eventually spell expansion, among them: good crops at good prices, extreme money ease, rising commodity prices emphasized by the continued climb of the Fisher index, and recovery of basic industries to a point where operations are profitable, and where inquiries and orders ahead justify faith in the future.

If everybody has faith that business is going to be good—then it certainly will be good.



THROUGH the courtesy of Secretary Weeks, General Pershing—who passed to the retired list on September 13th—will continue to occupy his present office as head of the Battle Monuments Commission. Remaining in the War Department therefore, he will be at hand to advise with Secretary Weeks or other Secretaries of War—which is as it should



General John J. Pershing passed to the retired list of the Army on September 13th, at the age of sixty-four, with the thanks of a grateful nation expressed in the form of an executive announcement by the President

be—for "Black Jack" Pershing, at sixty-four, the army retirement age, is physically as able as he was at forty, with a mental equipment, knowledge of tactics, and actual war experience such as no other one man now in the army service possesses.

To entirely lose his services to the Department would be a

calamity. The country can spare any number of political office holders—but it cannot readily spare such an able and efficient man as it has just nominally retired to private life.

The former commander of the A. E. F. found the officers of the War Department awaiting him to pay their respects, and upon his desk a mass of messages and letters of greeting.

He found also more complete reports on the success of the defense test which he has personally fostered and supervised through its initial phases, and was happy as a boy over the showing made. He believes annual tests of the sort conducted on Defense Day will become as popular as the old-time "muster."

General Pershing passes to the retired list of the Army satisfied that the mission he set for himself when he turned his face homeward from France—the establishment of a national defense system to safeguard the Nation in future against any such confusion and turmoil of improvised preparation at it knew in 1917-18—was well on the road to accomplishment.

He was paid a last signal honor in the issuance by President Coolidge of an executive announcement expressing "anew the thanks of the Nation for his eminent services." After a brief review of his record the President added that he felt "certain that I voice the sentiment of the entire citizenry of the republic in wishing him long life, happiness and prosperity in the retirement he has so richly earned."



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE has been the roadway of thousands of war-time parades in past years, but never—since the hosts of the Union Army bore their tattered battle flags through the Nation's capital in '65—has a more impressive sight been seen than the parade of the Holy Name Society,

which swept up the historic avenue like an incoming tide, a veritable flood tide of humanity, every wave of which filled the beholder with wonder that in this so-called age of unbelief simple reverence for the name of God could appeal so strongly to men in every class of life that 75,000 or more of them would journey from nearly every state in the Union to the seat of our national government in order to pledge themselves publicly against blasphemy, profanity and obscenity in speech.

Under lowering skies and through a drizzling rain they marched for nearly five hours, ignoring every consideration except the success of the parade. That this was unparalleled for numbers in the way of a civic or religious demonstration in the history of the capital is clear from the report of the officials at the Union railroad station of the arrival of ninety special trains, the previous record being fifty-five.

While the parade itself was an impressive sight, more impressive still was the monster meeting which was held about the foot of the Washington monument, where the President and Cardinal O'Connell, as the legate of Pope Pius XI, addressed the monster gathering.

It was a pageant, but a pageant in spirit, lacking the color and flair of the military parades that have passed up and down the avenue through the years and the hilarity and gayety of the parades of the fraternal orders.

It was a solemn procession of private citizens demonstrating their belief in the tenets of religion as they passed the reviewing stand, where sat Cardinal O'Connell, personal representative of the Pope, and other high church dignitaries, together with Secretary of the Navy Wilbur.

President Coolidge's address to the assembled multitude, in which he stressed the ideal of "civil, political and religious liberty," was most impressive.

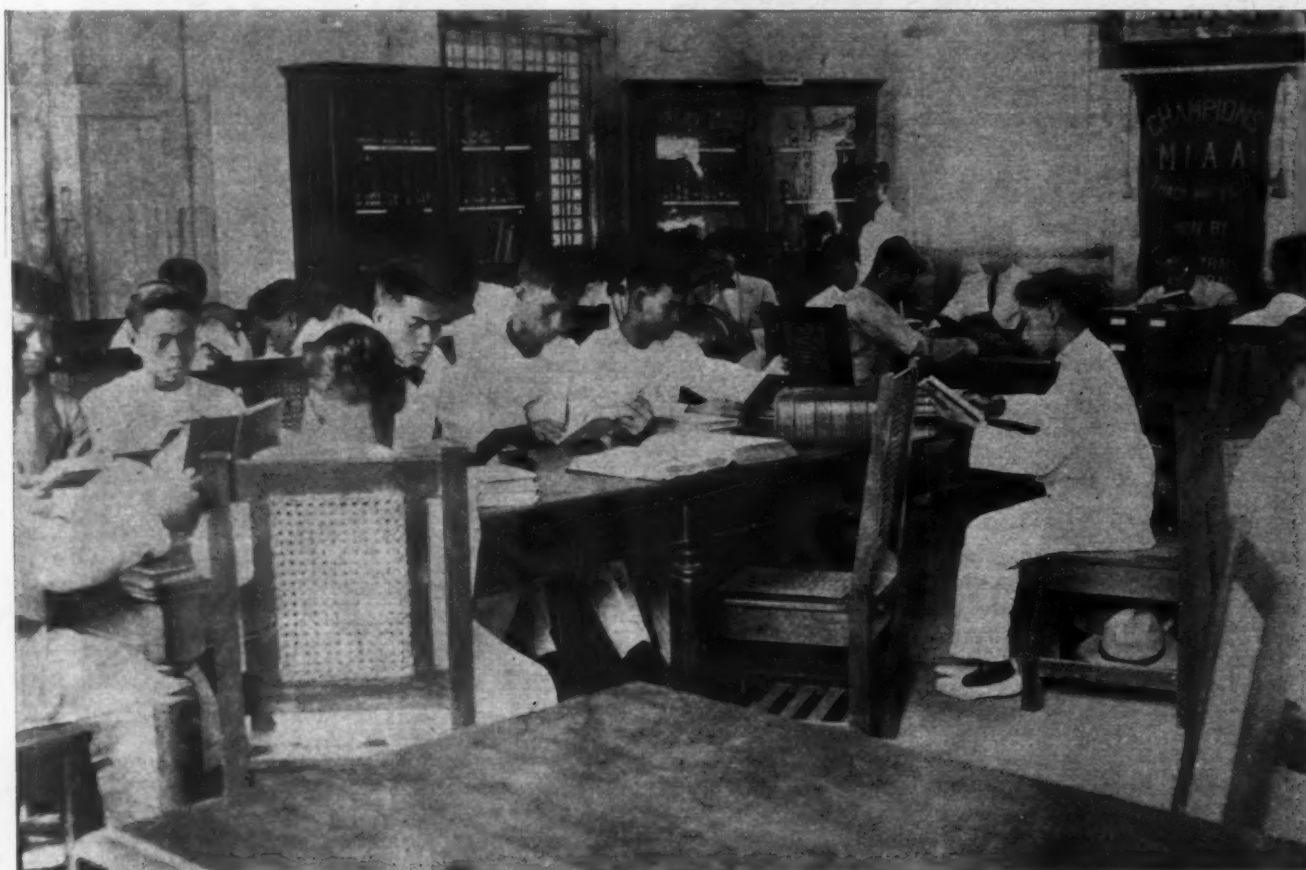


Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

Library of the Philippine School of Arts and Trades at Manila. The public schools of the Philippine Islands own twelve hundred school libraries, all of which are available to the public

By Air Mail to New York

Now are the Arabian Nights outdone and Ali Baba's magic carpet—transformed into the modern airplane—bears the messengers of Uncle Sam from coast to coast

DAWN on the desert! That never-ending miracle of the re-birth of an empty world! Immeasurable distance—incomparable solitude—absolute silence! In his "dry camp" in the midst of that earthly void which is filled anew each morn with the imponderable light of the luminescent ether a "desert rat," old and grizzled as his quiescent burro, raises his head to listen to an alien sound.

Something that Nature probably intended for a smile briefly wrinkles the leathern corners of his mouth as his faded eyes, dimmed by two score years of gazing across the desert wastes, search the immeasurable blue arch of the horizon like questing search lights. Afar in the distance floats a tiny speck of white like a gossamer wisp of drifting cloud.

The drone of a distant angry swarm of bees by imperceptible degrees grows louder. The wisp of cloud that scarcely was discernible approaches and grows larger—and, in a brief time, two thousand feet above the head of the lonely desert rat there floats, like some huge bird, an air mail plane winging its steady way to the distant coast.

He waves his tattered hat in greeting to the unseeing pilot of the speeding plane and goes about his business for the day, cheered by this brief break in the monotony of his life.

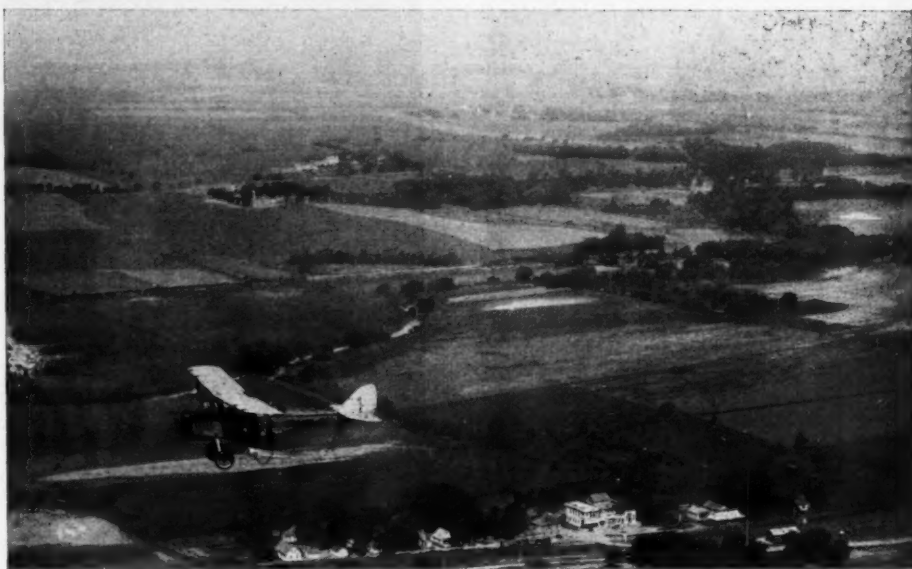
And so, from hilltops and from valley, from lonely prairie farmsteads, and tiny cabins nestling in the foothills of the Rockies, when that distant drone as of angry bees disturbed is heard, the questing gaze of isolated human beings is directed to the sky, and their sense of solitude and isolation is dispersed—for are they not in daily touch with the outside world?

A man-made miracle indeed! The realization of the oldest dream mankind has dreamed turned to every day commercial use.

Within the memory of living men it took long weary months for a letter to cross the American continent. Today you can mail a letter in New York and tomorrow night it will be delivered in San Francisco.

And this upon a schedule maintained so closely that upon sixteen days out of the thirty-one in the first month's operation of the new continuous schedule Air Mail Service from New York to San Francisco the time consumed in the western flight was either less than the thirty-four hours and forty-five minutes allowed in which to complete the trip—or not more than sixty minutes in excess of that allowance—while the average time for the entire month showed a saving of more than forty-six hours on every trip over the best rail schedule.

Eastbound from San Francisco to New York, with a scheduled time of thirty-one hours and thirty-five minutes (the difference of three hours and ten minutes between eastbound and westbound schedules being due to prevailing winds), the average time consumed was thirty-six hours



UNITED STATES MAIL PLANE 331 approaching Omaha, Nebraska, laden with mail for far western points. Residents of isolated country communities along the air mail route watch eagerly for the daily passing of the planes

and twenty-one minutes—a saving of nearly fifty-four hours each trip over the best established time by train.

The first day of July marked the beginning of this new continuous schedule, and during the thirty-one days of July the Air Mail planes flew a total of 173,910 miles—and this without an accident worthy of special note, in spite of the fact that over that part of the route operated at night the weather was unusually bad. During the first twenty nights there were only six with clear weather straight through from Chicago to Cheyenne. The remaining fourteen nights were cloudy, hazy, rainy and windy. There were frequent local storms amounting in certain instances to cloudbursts and tornadoes. There were many electrical storms. Weather conditions such as these are even a greater menace to aviation than the more severe rain and snow storms experienced at other seasons of the year. The very fact that these storms come up quickly and that they are severe while they last creates an unusual hazard.

But, notwithstanding these storms, except for three days westbound and seven days eastbound, a close approximation of the scheduled time was attained.

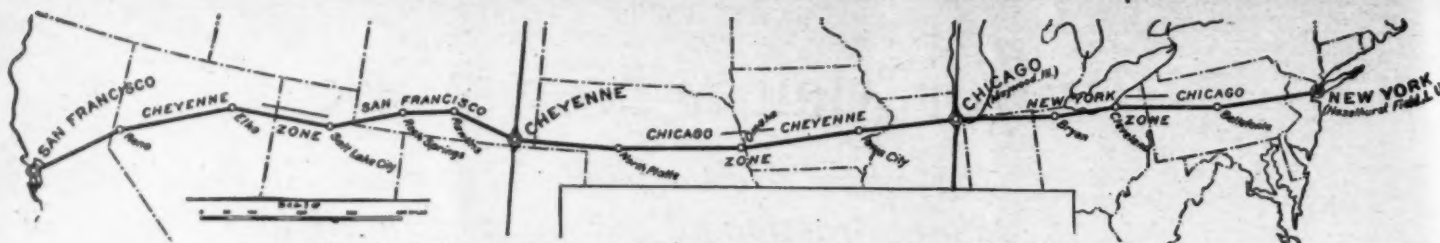
Part of the delay, too, was brought about by the fact that the air way is not yet lighted into either San Francisco or New York—the lighted way extending from Cleveland, Ohio, west to Rock Springs, Wyoming. This results in there being instances of the mail planes waiting just a few miles outside of San Francisco or of New York over night.

To overcome this condition contributing to delay in mail delivery, the course from Mather

Field in the Sacramento Valley to San Francisco is being lighted, as well as the route across New Jersey into New York—so that planes arriving near either terminal city early in the evening may safely proceed to their destination with proper lights to guide them.

Take an outline map of the United States and beginning at New York City, draw a continuous pencil line through these towns, cities, and states, and you will have a route map of the Air Mail Service to San Francisco—from New York to Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, to Cleveland, Ohio, to Bryan, Ohio, to Chicago, Illinois, to Iowa City, Iowa, to Omaha, Nebraska, to North Platte, Nebraska, to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Rawlins, Wyoming, to Rock Springs, Wyoming, to Salt Lake City, Utah, to Elko, Nevada, to Reno, Nevada, to San Francisco. The actual distance in miles covered is approximately 2850 miles, and for revenue purposes it is divided into three zones—New York to Chicago, Chicago to Cheyenne, Cheyenne to San Francisco.

The postage rate is eight cents an ounce or fraction thereof for each air route zone or portion of a zone—including transportation to or from an office of the Air Mail route. Thus an ordinary letter mailed from New York to Chicago would require eight cents postage, to Cheyenne sixteen cents, to San Francisco twenty-four cents. Any mailable matter except that liable to damage from freezing will be carried by airplane, including sealed parcels not exceeding fifty pounds in weight and not more than eighty-four inches in length and girth combined. Any registered matter of nominal value, and non-negotiable



Air mail route from San Francisco to New York, showing landing places and division into zones

securities and commercial paper, not easily realized upon by others than the rightful owner, regardless of value, are acceptable for transportation by Air Mail Service. Special Air Mail stamps are issued, though any stamps good for postage may be used, and all mail matter intended for dispatch "via Air Mail" should be indorsed with those words to avoid possible errors in handling and dispatch. The public is urged to use the Special Air Mail boxes wherever possible, or to take mail to the main post office of their town or city.

By using the Special Air Mail stamps, plainly marking all letters or packages "via Air Mail," and then depositing this mail in the "Special Air Mail" boxes or at the main post office, the general public wishing to avail themselves of this new form of expedited mail service will greatly assist in obviating the difficulty that is being experienced with one phase of the new service, which is that many letters intended for the Air Mail are being misent by post-office clerks, so that instead of traveling in the air they are traveling on the trains. This is partly brought about by the fact that the Air Mail stamps are not particularly distinctive, partly by the oversight of the persons mailing the letters on packages in not properly marking them or depositing them in the special boxes or at the main post office—and partly by the fact that it is, of course, difficult for clerks engaged in primary distribution to catch, in the large volume of mail they are handling, the comparatively few Air Mail letters that are going through.

Naturally the question of revenue is of extreme importance in connection with this new mail service. The Post Office Department has under way an intensive campaign of traffic solicitation. This is being carried on primarily through the postmasters and secondarily through the commercial clubs and other business organizations along the route.

Evidence of the effect of this campaign is reflected in the receipt of \$5,291.28 for the first



PAUL HENDERSON, Second Assistant Postmaster General, to whose executive ability the successful development of the air mail service is largely due

day's operation, and \$51,525.02 for the month of July.

While the gross income for the first month during which the new continuous Air Mail Ser-

vice was in operation is substantially less than the operating cost, it would seem unfair to lay too much stress upon the exact balance between income and outgo in this service until it had experienced the benefit of a few months of intensive traffic solicitation. So far as the physical operation of the continuous New York to San Francisco route is concerned, there can apparently be no question of its success—but whether or not the service will be supported by the public to a degree which will warrant its continuation, remains an open question.

So accustomed have we become to unquestioning dependence upon Uncle Sam for the safe and expeditious dispatch of our business mail and private communications that we are prone to overlook the fact that the United States Post Office Department conducts the largest business in the world—a business, moreover, of infinite detail and responsibility.

And in this connection I am afraid that we do not fully realize that the men who are responsible for the transportation of the mail from one remote corner of Uncle Sam's great domain to another are, as a whole, the most loyal, painstaking, efficient, hard-working and self-sacrificing body of men ever recruited for public or private service.

There are but two other bodies of men who in these important respects can be compared with the rank and file of the United States Mails Service—and those are the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police and the employees of the Hudson Bay Company.

The traditions that animate the mail service have come down since the days of the pony express riders across the plains—the mail carriers of today "carry on" as did their prototypes of other days.

So it is not surprising to those who are privileged to look behind the scenes to know that the men who are building the Air Mail Service—both officials and personnel—are giving to the task all the enthusiasm and loyalty that the Post Office Department demands of every one of its employees.

When Lights Are Low

by Theodosia Pearce

When Lights are low along the land
And in the sky the faint stars glow,
I take the way that memory winds—
Back to your arms, dear Love, I go.

When Lights are low along my days,
And Time a hurt bird passing slow,
I take the road that Sorrow finds—
Back to your arms, dear God, I go.

When Lights are low nor Love I know,
Back to your arms, dear God, I go.

Wakefield, where the Father of Our Country was born

Washington's Birthplace to be Restored

Something new to the millions of our citizens who celebrate February 22d, the day when George Washington was born

THE name "Wakefield," which has so long been veiled in obscurity, is destined to bring to us, as a nation, a new meaning at no distant day—a meaning which will place it beside our own Mount Vernon and historic old Sulgrave, when as a shrine it will be fittingly emphasized as the birthplace of the "Father of his Country"—the Founder of our Republic; for this seat of the Washingtons in the New World is to be restored to its original state.

The neglect and dilapidation which has so long pulled at the heartstrings of the public, and which has called forth numerous suggestions for rescue and preservation from time to time, must now give way. The Wakefield National Memorial Association is in charge with definite plans for restoration, and is sending out its clarion call for assistance in this great movement, which promises to sweep the country from ocean to ocean, and awaken anew the spirit of patriotism in every loyal heart.

On June 11, 1923, the Wakefield National Memorial Association was organized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Rust, Sr., at 2400 16th Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., for this purpose, with Mrs. Rust, who is a lineal descendant of both the Popes and the Washingtons, as chairman. In February, 1924, this association procured the deed for seventy acres of the original tract, adjoining the eleven and three-fourth acres owned by the Government, and purposes to replace the Wakefield home as it was on that eventful February 22, 1732, when the Fates so strangely fixed its destiny in the annals of our country and of the world, as the Cradle of America.

A comfortable lodge for the convenience of pilgrims will also be erected, and the entire place will be restored, including the family burying-ground.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF WAKEFIELD

What shall we say of the early history of Wakefield? Each historian that has gone before seems to have been compelled to draw his own conclusion from what he deemed the nearest authentic in such a medley of contradictions. So we shall claim the privilege to give what seems to us the most plausible version in the light of today.

Without question, John Washington, the emigrant, was the founder of the Wakefield home. He came from England with his wife and two children, near the year 1657, and patented large tracts in Westmoreland County, and established his residence on Bridges Creek near its confluence with the Potomac, about four hundred yards from the burying-ground where he sleeps. Here some prevalent malady carried his family away, and the maiden name of his wife is lost in the haze of the past. He then, in 1659, was married to Ann Pope Brodhurst, widow of Walter Brodhurst, and daughter of Nathaniel Pope. Her father was a man of means and influence, and, as a romantic setting to the marriage, he

**By MINNIE KENDALL
LOWTHER**

gave to her what is now historic Wakefield; and with but little doubt John Washington built this original home in accord with the tastes of his second bride.

Various versions as to the original mansion have been given, but there is ample proof that it was a good-sized Colonial residence with seven bedrooms; that it was well-furnished and managed in accord with the ranking homes of that

ingtons throughout its history. From John, the emigrant, this is the line of descent from father to son: Captain Lawrence Washington, Augustine, Lawrence, William Augustine, and George Corbin Washington, who sold it to one John Gray. It then passed through different hands, and John F. Wilson became the owner. He left it to his son, John E. Wilson, who brought it back into the Washington family by marrying pretty Betty Washington, the great-granddaughter of Augustine, the half-brother of George. For sixty-five years she lived here, as she survived her husband, dying in October, 1922, at the age of eighty-five. Her two grandsons,



WASHINGTON FAMILY GRAVEYARD at Wakefield, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. Here in this quiet "God's acre" overlooking the broad Potomac, lies all that is mortal of Augustine Washington and his wife Jane, the father and mother of George Washington—and other members of this illustrious family, including the original emigrant, Colonel John Washington of Wharton, England, who died in the year 1667

age; and that it was destroyed by fire, which was occasioned by a reverse wind in burning trash and leaves on the lawn, near the year 1779, during the American Revolution.

Augustine Washington moved from Wakefield to Mount Vernon, and after the home there had been destroyed by fire, he removed to Pine Grove farm, just across the river from Fredericksburg, where he died, as his son Augustine was preparing to occupy Wakefield with his bride, Ann Aylett, at the time the family left Mount Vernon.

With the exception of near a half-century, Wakefield has been in the hands of the Wash-

James and William Latone, now till the soil and live at the Wilson home, not far from the site of the original mansion; and of them the Wakefield National Memorial Association procured the seventy acres, already mentioned.

The Wilsons restored the old burying-ground and put a fence around it; and the Colonial Dames later replaced this decaying fence with a stone wall and restored the crumbling grave-stones, but time and burrowing animals are still at work.

The Custis stone, which was placed here in June, 1815, as a marker for the site of the

Continued on page 113

The Man in the Chair

How Frank Losee, as Frederick Warren in Will Hodge's remarkable play, "For All of Us," acts in one place and gets results where he is

By BLYTHE SHERWOOD

FOR All of Us" is a play written by William Hodge which proves quite clearly that wrong thinking enlocks a man, and right thinking releases him. It is quite a remarkable play in that it starts out to prove a question, and concludes by having proved it.

The "experiment" on whom the philosophy involved is tried is "Frederick Warren," a rich banker. As the curtain arises on the first act, we behold Mr. Warren seated in an invalid's chair. He is sick, grumpy, nasty, and abrupt. He loves his nurse, who loves him, and who formerly was his stenographer. His wife irritates him. He is quite disgusted with his doctor, an eminent physician, an old family friend, who has been unable to cure him of his malady.

"Doctor," he says to him. "I absolutely refuse to take any more medicine."

The doctor is amazed.

"What is more, I shall be moved to a hospital tomorrow."

"Man, you can't do that!"

"Well, I shall."

Frederick Warren then proceeds to tell the doctor why he has so firmly made up his mind to do that which he claims he is going to do.

"You know, for months, four or five specialists have been working on me. They have all given me many kinds of medicines. Not one of them has benefitted me, and they all have made me worse. If you know the truth amongst yourselves, you have not let me know, and that truth is that I am not expected to live. I am unhappy in my surroundings here. Consequently, I desire and demand that I spend my last few weeks or months, or whatever it is you allotted to me, in a hospital, away from home."

It may be noted that he really meant, away from his wife.

Thereafter, he proceeds to address the nurse, when he is alone with her.

"Joey, I love you, and I want to be alone with you."

This forceful character depicts his domination without once moving from a set spot.

Mr. Losee, who played the part of Frederick Warren, about five years ago was with the Famous-Players-Lasky Studio in New York City. He was very much wrapped up in "movies" at the time, playing, sometimes, two or three parts at once, in two or three different productions. He was very much in demand.

"Motion picture work helped me considerably. It has taught me how to act, how to conserve. Very often, in the motion picture studio, one is compelled to act a scene of great emotion and passion within three square feet. The motion picture is the land of snapping-into-it. From nothing you make something. Out of gladness you make tears. Out of depression you make mirth. You are not given hours to work up to a climax. You are given a few moment's notice.

"The seven years training that I had with Famous Players and other companies has pre-

pared me better for the stage, and I say that after having had some twenty or twenty-five years experience on the stage before ever having entered a motion picture studio. Of course, what I learned on the stage, helped much in motion pictures, but it wasn't always pleasant having directors command you who knew nothing whatsoever of stage acting or ability."

In the first act of "For All of Us" Mr. Warren is an invalid. In the second act, he still retains his chair. At the end of the third act, he arises. He walks. But the great, great transformation of thinking that takes place within him, is



FRANK LOSEE, playing Frederick Warren in "For All of Us," achieves the extremely difficult feat of holding the sustained interest of his audiences in his acting without leaving the chair, which the character of his role assigns to him

enacted only while he is seated in that chair. He caught the great idea of William Hodge the author and Hodge the model actor who puts a triumphant climax of his play in the hands of another.

It has seldom been done effectively before, a man playing three acts in one chair. A woman has done it—Sarah Bernhardt, and Joseph Schildkraut has done it in a masterly and artistic manner.

William Hodge for some years has been an outstanding personality on the American stage. He is more than an actor, he is an author, playwright, philosopher, guide and friend. If William Hodge was in public life he might be

President. He has all those qualities on which the American people focus admiration and love.

The little red-headed boy born in Albion, New York, who first began playing his own plays in a barn with cows and horses for an audience, has more than fulfilled the wildest dreams of his playmates, who always insisted that he was a born actor. He was a modest, retiring lad with a Scotch-Irish temper, ever ready for a boygood bout—just a regular American lad.

In his latest play, "For All of Us," we found a suggestion of the first character in which he won fame. It was Jim, the painter in "Shore Acres."

From that date to this, William Hodge has never swerved from the one idea of wholesome entertainment and the enthronement of the old-fashioned virtues and ideals that will always prevail.

Like President Harding, he is a man from Main Street. That is why in the blink and glare of New York and the swirl of Chicago his plays go on and on while others come and go. Sixty-five other companies appeared in Chicago and closed, but for a solid year the people kept going to see "For All of Us."

The play has the basic elements of Democracy. When the family confers as to what play to go and see tonight, sooner or later they choose the play "For All of Us." The domestic affections are here enthroned amidst the dross and jazz of modern life. It is like a haven retreat in the Forty-ninth Street Theatre—no jazz or orchestra—no glare of lights—no isilious witchery of glaring lights—just the quietude of the familiar audience and players together. In the lobby itself you find a different look upon the faces of the people as they were then purchasing tickets far in advance. There is an absence of that blasé, "Oh, well, another evening of tinsel and pleasure for the 'tired American man' and it is all over."

Going in and coming out there is a difference and distinction in the audience, and yet this audience contains all sorts of people, revealing the interest in moral and spiritual development.

The play opens at midnight. There is a hush in the audience that reflects midnight's holy hour and silence falls as the lights are gradually lowered, revealing the repressive atmosphere of the sick room.

Then with the swiftness of plot involving detectives and a robbery, a family is revealed—father, mother, brother and sister, with all their widely varied temperaments and activities as natural as if the innermost thoughts were thrown upon the screen. It has the lure of the motion picture with the inner impulse etched deep in memory. You become part of the family. You follow the fortunes of the family. Despite his brusque manner and arbitrariness you become interested in the invalid. The characteristic of the Hodge Company is

Continued on page 131

All Aboard for the Brockton Fair

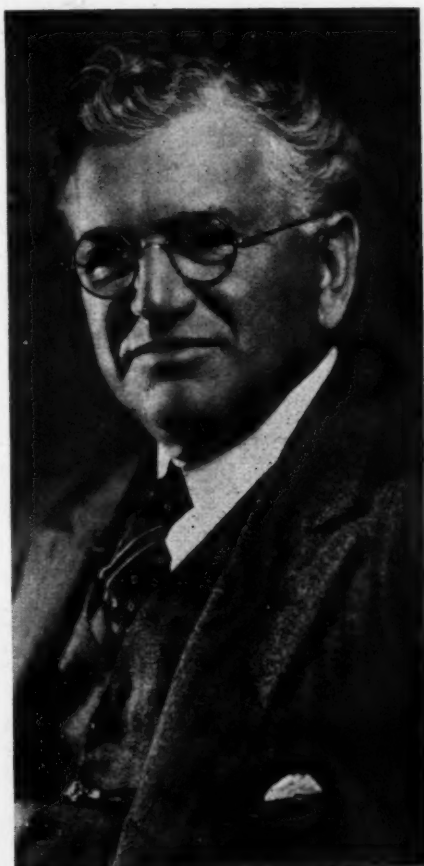
See the prize pumpkins and the crazy-work quilts, fat cattle and high-stepping horses—along with the modern additions to New England's greatest fair

THAT superlative aggregation of mirth, music, amusement and instruction known as the Brockton Fair has become an American institution. Not in any sense a commercial undertaking, it has been operated without a thought of personal profit from the beginning. Every cent earned is put back into making the fair bigger and better every year. Under the direction of the President, Fred F. Field, the Brockton Fair has achieved a national reputation. Its fame has even spread across the seas. Imagine fair grounds that can handle hundreds of thousands of people looking on at the same time to see two performances, the horse show and some real "hoss" races. Aviation also has its place at the same time. It surpasses Barnum's dream of the three-ring circus. All is gaiety when everybody sings "When Going Through the Stile."

They are all there, from the babes in arms to the boys at large, the lovers in twain, boys and girls in tandem, fathers, mothers and their families, the tired business men, the factory men, the farmers and best of all, Silas, the dear old grandfather and his wife, Samantha.

The feature that impressed me most last year, although I have been there on occasions when Presidents have spoken and great events have occurred, was the parade of the old-time vehicles.

There was the one-horse chaise, seventy-five



FRED F. FIELD
President

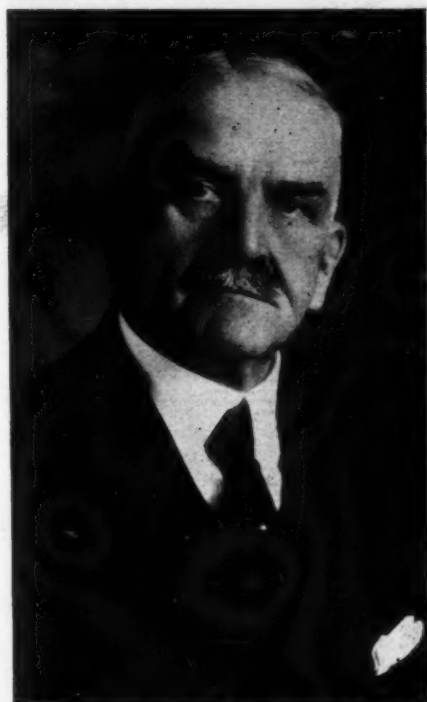
years old, such as doctors used in the old days, and the one-horse shay eighty years old. An old buggy, one hundred years old, was hung on leather thoroughbraces for springs. Here was the very buggy which Daniel Webster, in his manly prime and oratorical glory, used in his drives to and from his home in Marshfield to Boston. There was a speed wagon which broke the world's record at Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1859, drawn by Flora Temple, establishing a new world's record of 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$. There was a thoroughbrace express wagon, one hundred and twenty-five years old, an old Irish jaunting car, a brake sixty years old, the stage coach which ran to Hingham before the railroad was built, a dog cart, fifty years old, a landeau such as the one used by Lincoln during the Civil War. It was an impressive pageant with automobiles whizzing by at eighty miles an hour and overhead the aeroplanes, which have a record of two hundred and sixty miles an hour. Within the space of fifty years all this advancement in transportation has come to pass and the old-time vehicles em-

phasized more than any exhibit on the grounds, the miraculous acceleration of transportation.

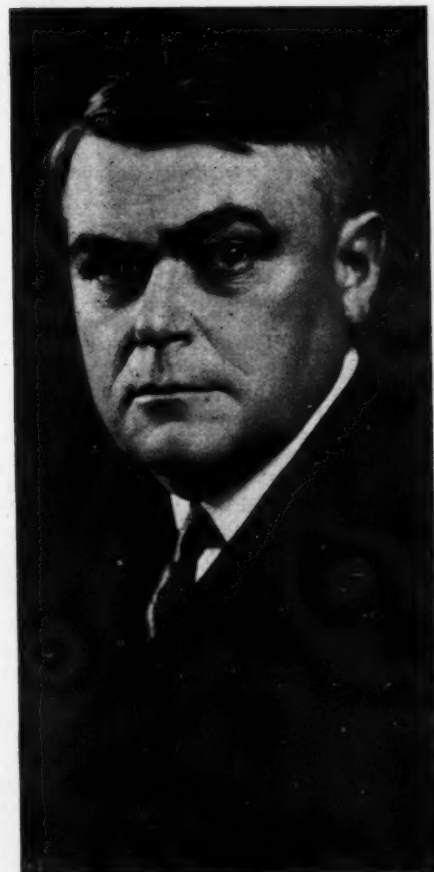
A riding academy, moved from the estate of Thomas W. Lawson, was filled with vegetables and flowers—prize products of New England. This, too, was an impressive picture of the past and present. Old-fashioned flower gardens, rare orchids, chrysanthemums, dahlias and roses seemed to sociably mingle with the prize pumpkins and lowly cabbages.

Every arrangement and detail in every department was complete—but the Brockton Fair would not seem a fair without Fred F. Field, the Holstein enthusiast. Attired in his familiar gray derby hat, dodging here and there among the throngs, directing the movements of one of the most noted country fairs in the world, he was a picture of a "busy day" on legs.

There was the usual thrill at the race track and even at night under the glaring lights or the witchery of the autumn moon as the play went on and on. It is perhaps the only country fair in the world that enjoys the distinction of being



EDWARD M. THOMPSON
Treasurer



PERLEY G. FLINT
Secretary

continuous, running night and day. The Brockton Fair has played its part in making known the fame of the great shoe town of New England.

As the gates are closed one year, plans are already begun for the next season, and visitors leave with lively anticipations of what's coming next year.—“Hail!”—“So long! we will meet again at the Brockton Fair.” The golden first days



HARRY C. TOLMAN
Chairman of Advertising Committee

of October time are pre-empted, for the Brockton Fair date is “always fair weather—by heck!”—Uncle Henry insists.

The Golden Anniversary Celebration of the Brockton Agricultural Society, which was the Brockton Fair, October 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1923—five days and five nights—was referred to by one magazine as “by far the greatest fair ever seen.” A description of this culmination of forty-nine years of preparation, requires a continuous procession of superlatives to merely do it justice. To show their faith in the announcements of the excellence of the program, their desire for a memorable holiday, 278,500 people attended the fair that week. The eighty-five acres which constitutes the Fair Grounds, with ten acres devoted exclusively to parking automobiles within the grounds, made the Brockton Fair the most densely populated city in the Old Bay State. Of course, on one of the five days, Governor Cox very appropriately was there, to mix with thousands of his fellow-citizens of Massachusetts.

One day was Children's Day. Every child in the world, fourteen years old or under, was invited to be guests of the Society. The admission for childhood was free. It looked as if the invitation had been accepted one hundred per cent.

Another was Grange Day, and it seemed as if all the Grangers in New England were on hand.

It was the day for the dedicatory exercises of the new \$100,000 Agricultural Building, the largest and best agricultural building in this part of the country. It is 160 feet long, 110 feet wide, with 50 feet from floor to roof, and windows sufficient to furnish light and ventilation, ideal for the displays of fruits, flowers, vegetables, aparian products and all the other things, and for the comfort of the thousands of people who were continually going through the building on their tour of inspection and admiration.

Boston Day was another event and it seemed as if “the home of the bean and the cod” had indeed been forsaken, as there was eighty-five acres of unmistakable Boston “atmosphere” packed inside the Brockton Fair gates. The attendance reached 110,000, the highest attendance record of any day in the “first fifty years of Brockton Fair.”

Then came “Governor's Day,” with Governor Cox and his official family, all the foreign consuls, military, distinguished citizens, either in official uniforms or wearing long coats and silk hats if civilians, in token of a day for an outing of men of distinction, official life, men of affairs, just as eager in their way for the abundant activities and delights of Brockton Fair as had been the children on Tuesday.

One more day remained, and this, logically enough, was called “Everybody's Day.” It was Saturday, the final day of the fiftieth anniversary fair. It was the day for the “biggest firemen's muster in the world.” It was the day for the veteran firemen to wear their red shirts and work their muscles to the limit, in the hand engine play which somehow develops an enthusiasm and team work rarely seen in other sport.

Saturday was also the day for the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts to give the greatest demonstrations in Scouting ever given in this part of the country, at least. Saturday was the day when everything reached its climax—Horse Show, Dog Show, Cattle Show, Auto Show, Food Exposition, and all the departments, so numerous that it was not even possible in one day to give them a mere once-over. In fact so big and busy is the Brockton Fair that the experience of everyone who goes to it is that he sees more wonderful things to look upon every day than he feels he has seen ever before in a day, and still has the conviction that he has seen only a small part of what there was to see.

One admission is charged. You pay a dollar at the gate, if you are an adult. If a child, you pay absolutely nothing the first day, and only fifteen cents every other day. Having bought your admission ticket, you have to choose what lines you will pursue, and everything is yours. It has been bought and paid for with that one dollar. The watch which was once said to have made the dollar famous, will have to take a back seat, as Brockton Fair gives the greatest value for a dollar that any dollar ever bought. Brockton is the fair which makes the dollar look ridiculous—you get so much and pay so little!

The Brockton Agricultural Society has a board of management, called directors, who work together in a way which is an example and inspiration to every organization or committee. The present directors are worthy successors to other directors who built up Brockton Fair to higher and higher levels of excellence as the years came and went. No salaries are paid the directors. Many of them are shareholders, but no dividends have ever been declared on the stock in all the fifty years. The profits from the fairs are used to keep up the beautiful park and finance the next fair, after giving for charitable

purposes. Men like the directors of the Brockton Agricultural Society could not be hired to do the work they do with the faithfulness and persistent determination to keep right on making the Brockton Fair the “Greatest fair held outdoors.”

Fred F. Field, president of the Brockton Agricultural Society, is a typical leader of the Board of Directors. He is a successful Brockton shoe manufacturer, owner of one of the best Holstein-Friesian dairy herds in the world, past president of the Brockton Chamber of Commerce, director in some of the leading agricultural and out-door social organizations in the country, breeder and owner of trotting and pacing horses, including Anna Bradford's Girl, the only unbeaten horse on the Grand Circuit.

But Mr. Field forgets these interests and many others when the Brockton Fair is taken into consideration. He is a man with a vision and a determination to put that vision on the map. Since he became president of the Brockton Agricultural Society four years ago, he has converted the rather unattractive grounds into a beautiful park. He has changed the unsightly buildings



ELROY S. THOMPSON
Publicity Representative

into those pleasing to the eye and solid on their new foundations. The high-board fence, which walled in the grounds, has been changed to an attractive iron fence which enables people passing the grounds, whether there is a Brockton Fair in progress or not, to look upon attractive scenes. From whatever point of vantage, a handsome picture is unrolled before one's eyes. It is a pleasure to be on the Brockton Fair grounds, and know that you are on ground which is the pride of the organization controlling it. Mr. Field has only shown promises of what he will make of the grounds if his associates give

Continued on page 132

Vandals Spare That Shrine

The last home of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, now used as a rag-picker's mart, is threatened with the fate that has befallen so many other patriotic shrines

AT the northwest corner of Lafayette and Prince Streets, New York City, stands a building erected early in the nineteenth century and which, for a few years, was the home of James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States.

During his latter days he was in straightened financial circumstances, which forced him to leave his home called "Oak Hill" in the vicinity of Leesburg, Virginia, and take up his residence with one of his daughters, the wife of Samuel Gouverneur, one time postmaster in New York City.

This story is told of James Monroe. An old man was frequently seen walking about a certain street in the city of Richmond, Virginia, seemingly sad and thoughtful and apparently ill at ease. A benevolent gentleman, who occupied a fine home on this street, ventured to ask him one day who he was and inquired whether or not he was a stranger in Richmond. The old man said, "No, I am not altogether a stranger; I have been

here many times; I am living here just now." The kindly gentleman said, "You seem to be worried, would you mind telling me your name, the nature of your business, and would you mind also telling me what I may be able to do for you?"

The old man said, "I have no particular business; I do not think there is anything that you can do for me; my name is James Monroe; I was once the President of the United States."

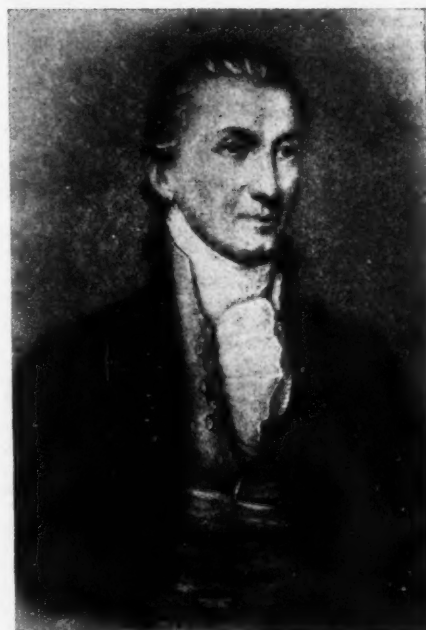
President Monroe died in this house on July 4, 1831, and for a number of years his body rested in this city until a revival of patriotic interest brought about its removal to his native state, where it now reposes in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, within a few yards of the last resting place of two other Presidents of the United States, also sons of Virginia, William Henry Harrison and John Tyler.

It is a most remarkable coincidence that three of the first five Presidents of the United States should, in the providence of the Almighty, have the privilege of dying upon the anniversary of the birth of the nation. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and this, the greatest document of all the ages, was signed by the second and third Presidents of the United States, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. It was the great privilege of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson also to die upon the Fourth day of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Three Presidents of the United States—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe—were tremendous factors in the Revolution and in the work of laying the foundation stones and moulding the structure of our government into its present form, which has so splendidly withstood the tests of time. The fact that these three great Americans should die on the national holiday is one of the most interesting and romantic chapters in all our history.

Colonel Monroe was a gallant officer in the Revolutionary War, quitting his studies at William and Mary College to enter the military service under the command of Washington. He participated in the battles of "Harlem Heights," "White Plains," "Brandywine," "Germantown," "Monmouth," and "Trenton," in the last of which he was severely wounded.

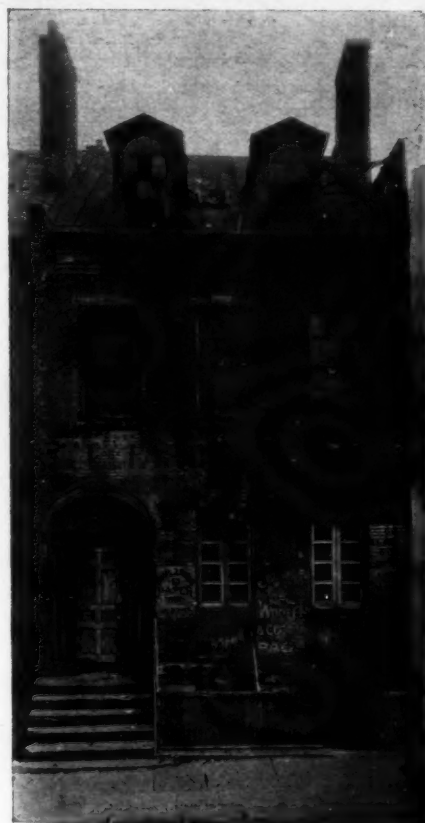
Monroe was the friend and protege of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, both of whom were illustrious sons of Virginia. He served several terms as a member of the Legislature of Virginia, as a member of the Congress of the Confederation, for a short time, as United States Senator, and at different periods as Minister to Great Britain, France and Spain. He was one of the Ministers Plenipotentiary appointed to negotiate the purchase of the Louisiana Territory, which comprises the greater portion of the United States west of the Mississippi River. He was also a member of the commission appointed for the purchase of the Florida Territory.



JAMES MONROE was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, served several terms in the Legislature of Virginia, three successive terms in the Congress of Confederation, and was later a member of the United States Senate. He was twice Governor of the State of Virginia, Minister to France, England and Spain, and Secretary of State, and was in the Cabinet of James Madison. He was twice elected President of the United States—and was one of the most modest, able and illustrious of that great galaxy of men who, just before, during, and immediately after the Revolution, laid the solid foundation of this government.

He served as Secretary of State and War in the Cabinet of his friend, James Madison, and succeeded him as President of the United States for two terms. In the election for his last term he received every vote in the Electoral College save one. The single elector who voted against Monroe explained that he also was his friend, but he voted against him only because he desired that Washington alone should stand out as the only man unanimously elected to the Presidency. His administration was one of the most efficient and progressive in the entire history of the country and so well was his administration appreciated by the whole people that his last term was known as the "Era of Good Feeling."

James Monroe from his early manhood was so constantly engaged in the service of his country that he completely neglected his personal interests and personal affairs. He retired from the Presidency without financial means of any consequence, with a claim against the Government for the paltry sum of \$8,000, which represented his expenses as Minister to foreign governments, which the government failed to honor until after his death. This small sum of money, so justly



THE PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE HOUSE, where the fifth President of the United States died on the fifty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Republic—July 4, 1831. Now in a lamentable state of dilapidation, this historic house is in danger of destruction

due President Monroe, would have saved him much embarrassment in his later days.

One of his greatest services to the nation was in connection with the adoption and enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in December, 1823, one hundred years ago. This is the only important foreign policy ever promulgated and efficiently enforced by the Government of the United States, and under its strong aegis, the republics of Central and South America were encouraged and protected against foreign aggression until they could stand alone. The principles of the Monroe Doctrine were, to a great extent, successfully employed in the defeat of the League of Nations.

The march of vandalism and commercialism in New York City during the last century and a half has completely obliterated many of the historic monuments in this city, and the home of James Monroe is in great danger of destruction by fire or by demolition to make way for a modern building. In its present state of dilapidation and neglect, being used as it is as a rag-picker's mart, it is a standing disgrace to the city of New York.

With the exception of the White House and his old home in Virginia, there is probably no place in the United States more closely associated with the life of President Monroe than this old building where he lived and died, and it should be preserved not only as a shrine for patriotic Americans, but it should also be permitted to remain as a place of enduring interest to the people of the republics to the south.

Fraunce's Tavern on Broad Street, the scene



THE DOORWAY of the James Monroe House in New York City. In this house lived, for the last few years of his life, that illustrious patriot and statesman who gave to the United States the "Monroe Doctrine," the only great foreign policy ever promulgated by this government

of Washington's Farewell Address, was saved just in the nick of time by the patriotic efforts of the Sons of the Revolution. Jummel Mansion, Van Cortland Mansion, and other interesting patriotic places in this city, have also been preserved from destruction, but scores of other patriotic monuments connected with the most interesting period of our history have been wantonly destroyed.

The birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt in this city was torn down just a few years before his death and after he had practically finished his great public career. It has since been rebuilt, but, of course, the new structure can never convey the same sentiments which properly belong to the original structure.

The matter of preserving the historic monuments of this city should not be left to chance. In most of the cities of the Old World they have historic societies organized under official auspices which preserve historic places and prevent their destruction. Such an organization is badly needed in the city of New York.

Now is the accepted time to save the Monroe House. The Democrats of the United States assembled in New York in National Convention in June of this year. The city and state government are in the hands of the party to which James Monroe belonged, and it is entirely fitting and proper that now, as the Monroe Doctrine has just rounded out its century of service to the country, that its great author should be remembered and the place where he lived and died preserved for future generations.

Washington's Birthplace to be Restored

Continued from page 107

vanished home, has long since disappeared, and a Government shaft identifies the spot. When this stone first disappeared, it was discovered in the back wall of a neighboring colored fireplace, and Mrs. Wilson compelled its return, but it was broken in the removal, and as far back as the Civil War, it had entirely disappeared at the vandal hands of souvenir hunters.

Legislative action came to the rescue in 1896, and eleven and three-fourths acres, including the site of the home, was later purchased by the Government; the shaft was erected, and a wide roadway was constructed to the river landing.

But let us turn from the Wakefield of the past to the Wakefield of today, and draw in fresh inspiration for the task that lies before us with all its significance for generations yet to come. It is not only hallowed as the birthplace of the "Father of his Country," but by the haunts of his boyhood, the impressions of his early youth. Here, after the death of his father, he came to live with his elder half-brother, and to be tutored

by Mr. Williams, who was superior to the former schoolmaster under whom he had learned to "misspell."

Situated in Westmoreland County, its historic settings are unsurpassed for interest. Here, not so far distant, is Stratford, the birthplace of the Lees; Bushfield, the home of Bushrod Washington, heir to Mount Vernon; the Carter estate, where President Monroe was born; and just across in Richmond County is Mount Airy, the Colonial home of the Tayloes.

In addition to its historic settings, its environs border on the ideal. Enthroned upon a tableland with a panoramic view of the broad Potomac, and gently rolling valleys beneath, stately old trees, cedars unrivalled by the famed "Cedars of Lebanon," a park of Nature's own handiwork itself, its beauty and picturesqueness cannot be imagined when the architectural and landscape plans are carried into effect for its restoration.

Added to this beauty and sacredness is the

old family burying-ground, a half-mile distant where the dust of father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of George Washington, and other generations of the family rest.

The dream of this Association is to secure one thousand acres of this original tract, so as to fully restore the old plantation—not only as a monument to the family and this "cradle of America," but as a shrine with a spirit of inspiration for our youth, a factor in our national life.

How fitting to make its inspiration a call "Back to the farm!" back to the heart of Nature; back to the "faith's pure shrine," which was the foundation stone of these early homes.

The Washingtons from John, the emigrant, were farmers of the highest type, as Mount Vernon will testify of General Washington, of the fourth generation; and what better can this Association offer than to restore Wakefield to America as a typical Colonial home, with the pure, wholesome surroundings of those early days?



Writing Plays by Wholesale

From "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" to "Icebound," Owen Davis has run the entire gamut of possible dramatic situations with the writing of one hundred and eighty-nine plays

THERE is something about the prize play of 1923 called "Icebound" that will make it live beyond many of its predecessors and successors. It was a prize play that confirmed popular approval, and the story of "Icebound" is as dramatic as the play itself. The story is told by Owen Davis, who after many years concluded to write a play just to suit himself. His description of the process of writing a play starts out with a dramatic touch.

"Sometimes, somewhere, in someone's head, little plot germs begin to wiggle about and fall into line and march, and counter march until they form some sort of a more or less definite pattern. Some dramatists, and often those capable of the finest sort of work, find the plotting of a play a thing of great difficulty, to others the spontaneous birth of fiction is as ordinary an occurrence as going to sleep at night, or waking up in the morning. I belong rather definitely to the latter class, since 'Icebound,' produced at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, was the one-hundred-and-eighty-ninth play of my writing to be performed in public on the professional stage. For a good many years I rather thought this almost continuous flow was more or less a thing to be thankful for, going on the principle that since fate had made a writer of me, it was up to me to write, and I wrote—melodramas—farces—comedies—comedy-dramas. There has never been a day in over twenty years when there has not been a play on my desk in some process of manufacture. There have been, at times, critical objections made to this somewhat wholesale traffic, some gentlemen of the press have thrown themselves forward in a desperate attempt to stem this flood, but as I was too busy with my writing to bother to read what they wrote, their efforts were wasted and in the course of nature some of them died, some gave up in despair, and some became playwrights themselves. Very few of them I think come to any good end."

A glimpse inside a playwright's library or factory, as it is sometimes facetiously called, is most interesting, for it gives a glimpse behind the scenes that is as thrilling as the scene portrayed before the footlights. Then comes the real genesis of "Icebound." It was a forerunner, a sort of John the Baptist so to speak, with no financial reward to go with the flood of praise. Then he relates in a simple way how "Icebound" was born.

"Having written almost everything else, it occurred to me, about two years ago, that it might be rather an amusing thing to write a good play, so I settled down for a few weeks and made a study of my own trusty method. I found that for twenty years I had ground out an average of eight or nine plays in every twelve months. I had written over seven hundred acts and drawn over twenty-five hundred characters, and as I looked back over it all, my principal reaction was of having had a lot of fun doing it.

I even paused for a moment in shameless glee to gloat over the memory of 'Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model,' and the deep affection Al Woods and I both had for that greatly wronged and vilely slandered love of our youth. I let a long procession of poor Nellie's brothers and sisters pass in review in front of me, and almost lost that new-born desire to write a good play in the deeper desire to be able to turn the clock back and do it all over again. Since, however, I had set myself the task of reformation, I decided to go about it with the same energy that had been responsible for my previous misdeeds and I at length decided that the best way to do it was to discard every trick of the theatre and begin again from the very beginning.

"The result was 'The Detour,' a simple story of life on a Long Island farm. This play was greeted by a flood of praise, to which I had previously been a stranger, and a lack of financial reward which was almost as great a novelty, but to show the pernicious influence of vanity, I was ruined in a day—money no longer could satisfy me. I found myself doomed to end my days in a life and death battle with my old friend the drama. About this time I happened to see in a daily paper the statement that about twenty years after a man started to write he might hope to know enough to write the story of his own town—out of this grew 'Icebound.'"

There is a delightful autobiographic flash in what he says about the city of his birth—Portland, Maine—where the scene of "Icebound" is laid. He portrays the characters with a relentless exactness that might not occasion a popularity in his native town that would elect him mayor, but it gives the people of the country a real play not bound by the traditions and conventions of stage and butterfly life of the average play. "Icebound" has come within the frigid borders of New England and may yet be played in his native town.

"I was born in a small city in Maine. My people for generations had been either sea captains, lawyers or farmers in the region between Bangor and Rockland, along the Penobscot River. In 'Icebound' I wrote of the sort of life I knew, and the sort of people I had been brought up among, and I write of them as they lived in my memory.

"Ben was any boy, possibly every boy, a sort of composite youth with the faults and the virtues of his age and class. In him, bad as he is, I tried to picture a type native to our New England soil, a type untouched by the melting pot whose faults and virtues were the direct results of his heritage and his environment. Ben's family, the Jordans, seemed to me to be real people, and although I have been accused of having been rather cruel in my treatment of them, I think that my picture was life-like. At least being of their own blood, I claim the right to speak frankly of our common faults as well as our common virtues."

The following is a pledge from the author that gives a promise of the future. He has lived long enough to know that playwriting has no sure-fire method, as he has revealed in his candid comments upon playwrights.

"'The Detour' and 'Icebound' are companion pictures of middle-class American life, and as far as any of us ever are permitted to see into the future, these are the type of plays with which I expect to struggle from now on—the simplest possible studies of American conditions in native surroundings. A sort of folklore of our own people. If in 'Icebound' I have stressed the coldness and the bleakness of life in Northern New England, it has been at least without bitterness and with full sympathy. To me, the characters of my play have a deeply pathetic note, even in their most sordid moments, and I have tried, as far as truth allowed, to show both the cause of their mental condition and the remedy for it. In the old days I will admit I should have sugared the pill, but since I have started in to tell the truth, I might as well go through with it. I am quite willing to admit that as I see things now, 'truth is harder than fiction.' In the popular theatre, with which I was so long identified, 'Icebound' would have very easily been converted into a perfectly sweet little romance. Ben would have suddenly become a marvel of sympathy and understanding, the Jordans would have shed their armor of selfishness and greed, poor Jane's lifetime of devotion would have been rewarded, and she would have lived 'happily for ever after,' which perhaps she didn't as I have written the play now at the Sam H. Harris Theatre. It seems to me, however, that even as I have written it, Jane and Ben have about the same chance that comes to the rest of us, and that their lives are going on through good times and bad with about the usual amount of joys and sorrows.

"All this doesn't mean that I think my attempt to write what I call a 'good play' has been wholly successful or has in any way satisfied my new ambition, but even a pretty good play seems to me to have been well worth the effort. As it happens, I haven't as yet been able to formulate any real standard of criticism, either for my own work or for that of any other dramatist, other than a tremendous respect for whatever good comes out in the finished product. The only formula I have been able to accept is to write as simply as possible the story that comes into my head, and to leave the rest to God and to others who know more about it. That, so far as I know, is the formula I used in writing 'Icebound.' I pictured facts and memories of my own boyhood, and I did it as well as I could, and in full sincerity. I neglected what I was taught to call 'plot fiction' to my characterizations, and I let these characters do as nearly as possible the things they whispered to me they wanted to do.

"As far as I know, I could do no more. The result, for good or ill, is not in my hands. As I

Continued on page 132

The Migration of Great Men

The lure of "Opportunity" beckons ever to the adventurous male just as it did in those old days when Ponce deLeon sought for the Fountain of Youth

By KENNETH S. MITCHELL

WHAT is the correct distance between a person's birthplace and the point at which he later encounters success in life? When Warren Harding took the oath which made him the first citizen of our country, he was 606 miles from the place in which most of his years were spent. And Marion, the place where his life-work as an editor was concluded, is not in the same county as Corsica, the village of his birth, but is some twenty-five miles distant and is in the adjoining county.

It is an interesting question. Do men (and women too) really leave home and journey afield to insure for themselves a greater success? And if they do, is it usually away from the place of their birth or near it that they encounter the portion of success which is to be theirs in life? The great teacher said, "A prophet hath no honour in his own country," but is this situation occurring in the daily lives of the successful men and women of today, wherever they may be found?

Quite naturally a man who becomes President will change his location upon assuming office; none of our Presidents thus far was born in the District of Columbia. Yet a study of this subject shows that many of our Presidents, when they moved to Washington, did not move directly from the place where they were first set in this world, but they were found in some other spot when called to assume the great office. Of our two greatest war-Presidents, Lincoln and Wilson, each was engaging in his chosen vocation in a state other than his native state when called by the nation to Washington. Lincoln, a native of Kentucky, had lived in other states and was elected from Illinois. Wilson, a native of Virginia, had resided in other states and was elected while a citizen of New Jersey.

Most of us are more interested, however, in the movements ordinarily indulged in by successful men of lesser note than Presidents. Such surveys have been made in some regions, and the average amount of migration made by the average man of affairs can be traced. One of these surveys tracing the natural course of life made by the more or less successful people has been made in Indiana, and perhaps we can consider Indiana as the average state. Indiana has the center of population located in it, and in numerous ways Indiana is the typical state of the Union. It is a young, and at the same time, an old state in the Union. It has a pioneer as well as a recent history. It is an industrial and at the same time an agricultural state. In the northern part of Indiana the winters are severe enough to compel a proper degree of foresight and care; in the southern part a family might live as Thomas Lincoln's did with only a blanket for a door to the cabin. In party politics no presidential candidate can count upon it with assurance. Many great men start or stop in Indiana, and we will find the results of the survey in Indiana typical of what will happen in

the daily lives of the men and women now in search of success, and who later will find it.

In 1916 Indiana celebrated her centennial year as a state in the Union. At that time a list was prepared consisting of more than a thousand successful men and women from the various 92 counties of the state. A total of 1,123 persons is listed, all of whom were then living in the state and had acquired success or prominence in some degree at their place of residence.

Approximately half of this list are lawyers. The remainder of the list contains doctors, bankers, dentists, educators, authors, architects, cartoonists, and so on to "Kin" Hubbard, the originator of the Abe Martin witticisms. Very few farmers are included in this group of prominent men, although some are designated as "interested in farming," as is the case with Warren T. McCray, the present governor. This list contains persons well known in the various counties of the state, but of course the number from the capital city, Indianapolis, shows a preponderance.

Examination of this list shows that 332 out of the total of 1,123 have remained thus far in the same county in which they were born. Exactly thirty per cent live in their native county, but of this number many have shifted their residence from some smaller town or the open country to the county-seat town.

Thirty per cent are in their original county, then seventy per cent were born outside the county where they now "find honor." Thirty-eight per cent (433 of the 1,123) moved to their present location from some other Indiana county sometime during their lifetime. Some of them moved with their parents while quite young. Others moved at the time when they were setting out on life's sea in their own boat. A few moved late in life to the county which now furnishes them sufficient success to make them one of the conspicuous men of their state, or community.

Thirty-two per cent of these successful personages claim some spot outside the state as the place of their birth. Of the 1,123, as many as 358 are not Hoosiers by birth. Nearly all the college presidents come in this classification. One noteworthy exception though, is that of William Wood Parsons, who until the present

school year has been President of the Indiana State Normal School at Terre Haute since 1885. Mr. Parsons was born in Terre Haute, married in Terre Haute, and has resided there practically all his life.

A total of 56 men in the list of 1,123 (five per cent), were born in foreign lands. More of these came from Germany than any other one country.

Ex-Governor Samuel M. Ralston, who was governor of the state at that time, is not a native of the state. He was born in Ohio, the state from which Indiana has drawn more immigrants than any other. Pennsylvania is a good second in this respect. Governor Ralston was led by circumstances to become governor not of his own native state, but of another.

Two ex-governors are in this list compiled in 1916. One of them, J. Frank Hanly, was born and reared during his early years in Illinois. The other, Thomas R. Marshall, was Hoosier-born. Thomas R. Marshall is included in the list of residents, although at that time he resided temporarily at Washington, where about two or three Hoosiers try to set up residence as Vice-President about every fourth year. Notice should be taken of the fact that no attempt is made in this list to give any account of prominent personages who have moved out from the state to some other or to some remote part of the world.

Two ex-senators are in the list. Ex-Senator Hemenway is a native of Indiana, and has retained his native county as his home. Ex-Senator Beveridge was born in Ohio, and after moving while a young boy to Illinois, he later moved to Indiana, where with financial difficulty he acquired his higher education, and started out on his spectacular career.

Perhaps no single instance could better illustrate the naturalness with which the course of men's lives leads them from their homes than that of Elwood Haynes, the inventor of America's first automobile. His home was at Portland, Indiana, and he was employed by the natural gas company as a field man. While doing some work near Kokomo, three or four counties distant from his own, he needed something with which he could cover distances better than he could with horse and buggy, and he conceived the idea of the "horseless carriage." Haynes, with the help of the Apperson boys and their machine shop at Kokomo, worked on and finally completed one of the odd-looking contraptions, which on its trial run on the streets of Kokomo, started an enthusiasm among the populace which has refused to recede. Immediately he went to work to improve upon his interesting piece of work, and to build others for sale. In this manner his life has continued to center about Kokomo, which is his town only by adoption, but is where he is loved by his fellow-townsmen, and is where he made contact with the elusive and slippery path to success.

Only for the inner urge that animated so many lives to woo Dame Fortune in places other than those where they were born, this would be indeed but a slow-moving and unprogressive world. Think what America would be today, only for the pioneer spirit that hewed a nation from a wilderness.

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

AFTER the turbulence over "teapot dome" oil explosions at Washington, it was refreshing to see John Davison Rockefeller at his home in Ormond, Florida, placid and serene as a summer's day. The man whose name is pre-eminently associated with the production and distribution of petroleum appeared in the serenity of his eighty-five years as one who could pour oil on the troubled waters.

In a voice soft and low he spoke calmly in a kindly way to the photographers who had been waiting. Sitting on the sofa in his simply furnished sitting room his picture was taken. Then he walked about the grounds to accommodate the photographers—posing with good humor and a courteous "thank you."

"You know I am past the age when I can be thought vain, but if it will help the boys, why alright," he said in his kindly way when the request that had been made on behalf of the millions of newspaper readers was granted.

In the little village of Richford, New York, John Davison Rockefeller was born July 8, 1839. In 1853 he moved to Cleveland and was a clerk in a commission house. At the age of nineteen he was a partner in the firm of Clark and Rockefeller and engaged in the oil business. With Harry M. Flagler as one partner he operated a refinery, and in 1879 the business was consolidated with others and made The Standard Oil Company with John D. Rockefeller in charge of the entire business until his retirement in 1911.

Some years ago he told me he attributed his prolonged life to taking up golf which compelled him to remain out of doors drinking in the sunshine and exercising in the open air. Following him on the links at Forest Hills, Cleveland, as he rode on a bicycle between the holes, making

splendid drives, he kept a fat man I know of going at a lively pace. One day he stopped and ate luncheon with the workmen—enjoying their sandwiches.

A more thoughtful or considerate man never lived than John D. Rockefeller. In all the strenuous days of business battles he never commanded his men—he always suggested.

"Now, don't you think this would be better so and so," and it was instantly found that his "suggestions" were unerring decisions.

One young newspaper man was a favorite with Rockefeller because it is said he would not notice or smile when his wig was awry. The late John M. Siddall, editor of the *American Magazine* won Mr. Rockefeller's friendship as a young reporter because of the accurate manner he reported his speeches.

Mr. Rockefeller keeps posted and knows more than he seems to know. He thinks straight and for him cause and effect completes the circle of a proposition. Few men more thoroughly understand human nature in its many angles. An advocate of thrift and economy, he wastes nothing—not even words in conversation.

"There are golden hours in the sunset of life," said Mr. Rockefeller as he wandered down the shady path, looking toward the glowing sun in the west.

"Make the waste places blossom as the rose," is a quotation he often uses.

In the sunny winter at Ormond, Florida, or amid the tonic days of spring, summer and fall in the north, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., continues to live in the open.

As we left that morning he came to the door and waved goodbye—then prepared for another day outdoors.

Rather spare in stature, brown as a berry, he is the picture of happiness as he approaches four score and ten. With the same keen searching look, and though wrinkles have appeared, his face is kindly as he smiles.

John D. Rockefeller took the initiative as the first great American philanthropist, having given away over half a billion dollars for research and education and those things he believes will permanently benefit mankind.



Old-time New York Police Inspector Signally Honored by His Associates

AT the Lotus Club in New York, a dinner was given that had the charm and atmosphere of a son honoring a father. In the midst of the gathering of distinguished men of New York, Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright arose and pinned a handsome diamond Chief of Police Badge on the breast of his old commander, Inspector Adam A. Cross.

The sturdy chief of years ago who had called the boy from Steuben County to his side, stood

with moistened eyes as he put his arms about the Commissioner and said:

"My boy, I've always been proud of you, but it was because you deserved it—and this moment is worth serving a lifetime on the police force to see you, one of our own, reach an eminence as an administration officer that is unsurpassed."



ADAM A. CROSS, veteran of the New York Police Department, recently honored with a diamond badge in recognition of his many years of faithful and efficient service on the force

Commissioner Enright addressed Inspector Cross affectionately with his arm on his shoulder: "Dear old Chief—all the honors that New York City or the Police Department can bestow belong to you in the glory of your achievement and what you have done in inspiring those who followed you. No father ever deserved deeper affection and higher honors than we of the Police Department owe to you, sir! This badge is only a token of our love."

The guests cheered and cheered, but the old chief was oblivious of all else but the Commissioner who had more than fulfilled all his hopes.

A real live veteran of over three score years, is Adam A. Cross. He was born in Rensselaerville, New York, but early in his life his parents moved to Livingstonville, where he lived the life of the sturdy American youth until his fourteenth year, when they moved to Albany.

His grandfather was Adam Mattice on the maternal side, one of the pioneers of Schoharie County. He had comparatively no education, in fact, his son taught him to read and write. Later he became sheriff of Schoharie County and a member of the legislature. The environment of the Catskills produced many rugged characters and Adam Cross was of the rugged type.

After graduating from the Albany Law School,



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, though more than eighty-five years old, is still an enthusiastic follower of the ancient Scottish game of golf—indeed, he attributes his unusual vigor and health to keeping out in the open air and sunshine on the golf links

the family moved to New York City where he thought of beginning the practice of law—instead of that he began in the work of enforcement of law.

Appointed a patrolman in the Police Department of New York City in 1878, he was soon



DIAMOND BADGE presented to Adam A. Cross, in evidence of the high regard in which he is held by his comrades of the New York Police force

made a sergeant, a lieutenant, and then a captain. In 1897 he became an inspector. A man of splendid physique and an analytical mind, he had decided from the start to give his life to the Police Department.

A ruddy faced boy from Steuben County who had joined the police force, was one day assigned to the office of Inspector Adam Cross as a stenographer. This boy was Richard E. Enright. That is why Adam Cross continues to be a part of the Police Department—if not in active service—despite all limits of age.

When Adam Cross first donned the uniform as a New York policeman, a desperate criminal element, sponsored by sinister political influences, was making New York a cesspool of crime. Many a thrilling and desperate encounter young Cross had in his work, but whether on his beat or as an executive in the department, he never lacked for courage. A master of details, he was a stickler for discipline, and yet a more tender-hearted man never lived—the soul of loyalty. Even today in charge of the detective forces guarding the piers of steamship lines in New York City, he has saved these companies millions of dollars a year because of his wide experience in knowing how to check criminals while the plot is hatching.

Inspector Adam Cross was in the Army Intelligence Department of the U. S. Government during the World War because his experience counted for much in meeting with the perplexities of crime and in following to the labyrinthian lair the hardened criminals and enemy aliens. The books are never closed on any case in New York until the criminal is caught. They are relentless, yet careful, about the evidence. As Inspector Cross said, "Be sure of your evidence and be very careful not to besmirch with suspicion the career of an innocent man or woman."

The records of the New York Police Department are replete with many incidents of courage and heroism that would entitle Adam Cross to a distinguished service medal if he had been in the army or navy. While he has reached a deserved eminence in his life work in the Police Department, it is as a comrade—as a friend that

he is beloved by his associates—young and old. His keen repartee and wit, developed under the strenuous years of his service, serves him well—for an Adam Cross story is always a treat at a dinner party.

Proudly wearing the badge given him as a token of service, high esteem and friendship, bearing the words "Semper Fidelis," as Honorary Chief of the New York City Police Department, his keen, black, snappy eyes sparkle in following many of the mysterious and baffling cases brought to him for advice and counsel by young detectives and members of the force. Truly a father to the boys in blue—the thirteen thousand boys wearing the badge of the New York Police—Adam Cross is the Nestor of the force.



Indiana—Habitat of the Hoosier—Cradle of Literature—Home of Humor

DURING his cub reporter days in Chicago there were signs of George Ade becoming a literary man. He ate apple pie with Eugene Field, played poker with Opie Reid, and stayed up nights at the Press Club reading Shakespeare with John McGovern. This red-cheeked lad hailed from Indiana, and among his books was "Æsops Fables." Ears and eyes served him well. His satire in slang constitutes an interesting record for future historians, and made even the prim natives of Evanston smile.

In Indiana there is a town called Kentland, which claims the proud distinction of being the birthplace of George Ade in 1866. The scenes and incidents of that boyhood are reflected with the usual Hoosier fidelity to realistic detail in his plays and novels. A student of Perdue University, he received the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1887, but he carried away more than a diploma. The impressions and incidents of college days are preserved for posterity in his ever-popular "College Widow" and "Just Out of College."

The popular "Sultan of Sulu" was written during summer days at Highland Park. George Ade was then distinguished as the owner of one of the few automobiles in the neighborhood. It was a spider-top buggy design, with a lever tiller attachment in front. It was christened the "rolling peanut" because when it started one could not tell whether it was going forward or aft. It provided a climax for the "Sultan of Sulu" when it was backed into the library where George Ade was endeavoring to lasso the climatic act of this play to the music of a phonograph. Amid shattered glass and with a prima-donna smile, the disturbed author is reported to have said "damn" and closed the act.

George Ade's plays have an originality which has made him not only a popular author, but one whose books have outlived the usual butterfly existence of a best-seller.

Hazelton Farm, at Brook, Indiana, with its broad, fertile acres, is his home. He is classified as a real dirt farmer, but travels far afield when deep snows come, to create motion pictures which have proved very successful, in sunny California. His authorial patience has been duly tried and tested in Hollywood.

During the World War George Ade was an active member of the Indiana Council of Defense, and carried on the work with the patriotic spirit of his father, who was a Civil War veteran, and to whom he was much attached. A quiet, retiring, genial man, with blue eyes, spare in form, with comment that has the sparkle of his pen,

George Ade maintains the distinction of being a bachelor. A member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, he is identified with the forward movements in American literature and drama.

In a revival of plays and light opera there are few that would bring more happy memories to the middle-aged and more delight to the young, eager to know what their elders enjoyed in their merry days of youth, than the productions of George Ade. His books are popular in Europe because of the author's distinctive Americanism. His "Fables in Slang" rather eclipsed the fame



GEORGE ADE, America's greatest humorist, author of "Fables in Slang," and a five-foot bookshelf of other similar classics, has remained unmarried and preserved his sense of humor. Some of the most popular comedies upon the stage in recent years are the product of his busy brain

of the original Æsop and there are many more millions who have read George Ade's "Fables" than those of the original and ancient Æsop.

After witnessing his last motion picture in New York, George Ade commented like a philosopher:

"I find making a motion picture fascinating work. Making motions to supply the use of words stimulates interest in ancient pantomime. The restless craving of people for action—action is an answer accounting for the universal popularity of motion pictures."



The Soul of Romance Dwells Within the Pages of Her Books

THE rugged mentality of Benjamin Franklin lives in the work of his triple, great grand-niece, Gertrude Franklin Atherton. Her novels suggest the daring and versatility of "Poor Richard," from her first book, "The Doomsday," to her last, "Black Oxen"—read by more millions than those who perused the writings of the scientist who discovered electricity with his kite.

A cosmopolite in fact as well as in thought, Gertrude Atherton is at home in Paris, London, Munich, New York, or in San Francisco, where she was born on a bright day in October, 1857, and where she was christened Gertrude Franklin Horn.

Educated in private schools, she went abroad at an early age, and her experiences are reflected

in the wide range of the setting for her novels which are more varied than that of any living author. In "The Conqueror" she made the life of Alexander Hamilton a realistic historical chronicle and an Arliss play of first rank.

Gertrude Atherton is impressively individualistic. A fair complexion, classic features and an infinite charm of personality she could grace a



GERTRUDE ATHERTON, noted author, whose latest book "Black Oxen," has been read by millions and seen by millions more in its screen version, though a true cosmopolite, is a "native daughter" of California and loves the golden state with true fervor

salon of literary genius, a Bohemian haunt, or a comfy home group at the fireside with equal ease. As a conversationalist she has few equals, for she knows the things whereof she speaks; and when writing she is thoroughly acquainted with her subject. There is a virility in her every act and written line. If she had assumed a masculine *nom de plume*, her novels would have been declared the work of a man, yet in character delineation she ever reveals the delicate and intuitive understanding of a woman.

Millions have read her book, "Black Oxen," and many more millions have seen it on the screen. The theme reflects the individuality of Gertrude Atherton. She waves a fairy wand and the all-appealing dream of womanhood to ever retain youthful beauty, comes true. And then when this elderly woman heroine has regained her beauty, is courted and wooed again, she finds herself passionately loved by her own son. Then the tragedy—youth may revere age, and age love youth, but youth will continue to love with the passion of youth. No one has been able to define this magic word of four letters that has ever been the theme of romance. Love still remains something elusive of concrete formulae—even alchemists in their dreams of gold did not seek to reproduce a synthetic love—the sort of a divinity relationship between humans, that is veiled from print or phrase.

Gertrude Atherton now spends much time at her home in San Francisco, and she loves her California like a true native daughter. Her book, "The Californians," and "California—an

Intimate History" have long had a vogue as classics in the Golden State, in fact everywhere that the name of California is heralded.

"The doors for young authors are wider open than ever. The world seems to love romance the more it recedes from the practical everyday life of today. "Black Oxen" has brought me more letters than any other book I have written."

When I called on Gertrude Atherton while in San Francisco, she was settling in a new apartment and having the usual thrilling emotions of the home-maker on the homestretch, but that was a moment when Gertrude Atherton, America's eminent novelist, proved a philosopher in real life.



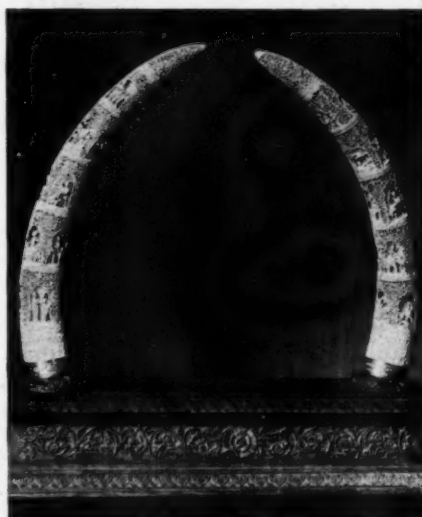
From Far-off Burma Came This Pair of Carved Elephant Tusks

AN art requiring extreme patience and application and a lifetime of constant practice to attain perfection is that of ivory carving—brought to its highest state only in India and Burma, where rajahs and princes from time immemorial have greatly prized their wonderful collections of carved elephant tusks.

Even in those countries the art is dying out for lack of candidates willing to spend years of tedious application in mastering its technique.

Additional interest, therefore, attaches to the magnificent pair of elephant tusks, elaborately carved, recently presented to Ambrose Swasey, the world-famous telescope builder of Cleveland, by his friend, Dr. C. A. Nichols—long stationed in Burma—where elephant hunting is the national sport as baseball is the national sport of America.

The elephant from which these tusks were taken was captured by Ko Po Thet, about thirty



CARVED ELEPHANT'S TUSKS from far-off Burma—the land of temples, shrines and monasteries—where broods the Buddha as Gautama, where "the old Moulmein pagoda, looking eastward to the sea," reminds the traveler of the haunting lines of Kipling's immortal "Mandalay"

miles west of Bassein, in the Yoma Range of foothills. Ko Po Thet was a very liberal giver to the new mission building at Bassein, Burma—the Kothabyu Memorial Hall—and Dr. Nichols gave some interesting data concerning the tusks: "The natives capture the wild elephants by raising a stockade very much like a fish-weir and

driving the animal into this enclosure, where there is a tame elephant which helps to overcome the wild one. The captured elephant, being hungry, is then fed and within about a month is tamed and ready for work. This particular elephant was an exceptionally large one, at least fifty-years old, and was said to have been worth eight thousand rupees. The elephant evidently had a gunshot wound in his shoulder, but as it had healed there was no apprehension of trouble from it. After he had been at work for some time, however, the wound began to suppurate and very soon the elephant died, probably from blood poisoning."

Dr. Nichols had been looking for a pair of tusks for Mr. Swasey ever since he returned to Burma in 1916, but had not succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory pair. Finding these, which were far superior to any he had seen, he purchased them for 530 rupees. These tusks were especially valuable in the local market because of their being "fat," a term denoting that the tusks were mature and slightly yellow in color. Tusks which are not mature are whiter and apt to splinter when being carved.

After securing the tusks, the next problem was to find a man to do the carving—an art which is becoming very rare in Burma. Dr. Nichols had Miss Hughes of Moulmein take this up for him, and she succeeded in obtaining the services of Maung Kin, who agreed to do the carving for 800 rupees. Maung Kin and his helper worked on this pair of tusks for about a year to complete the carving, which illustrates different phases of the Buddhist mythological story of King Wethandays.



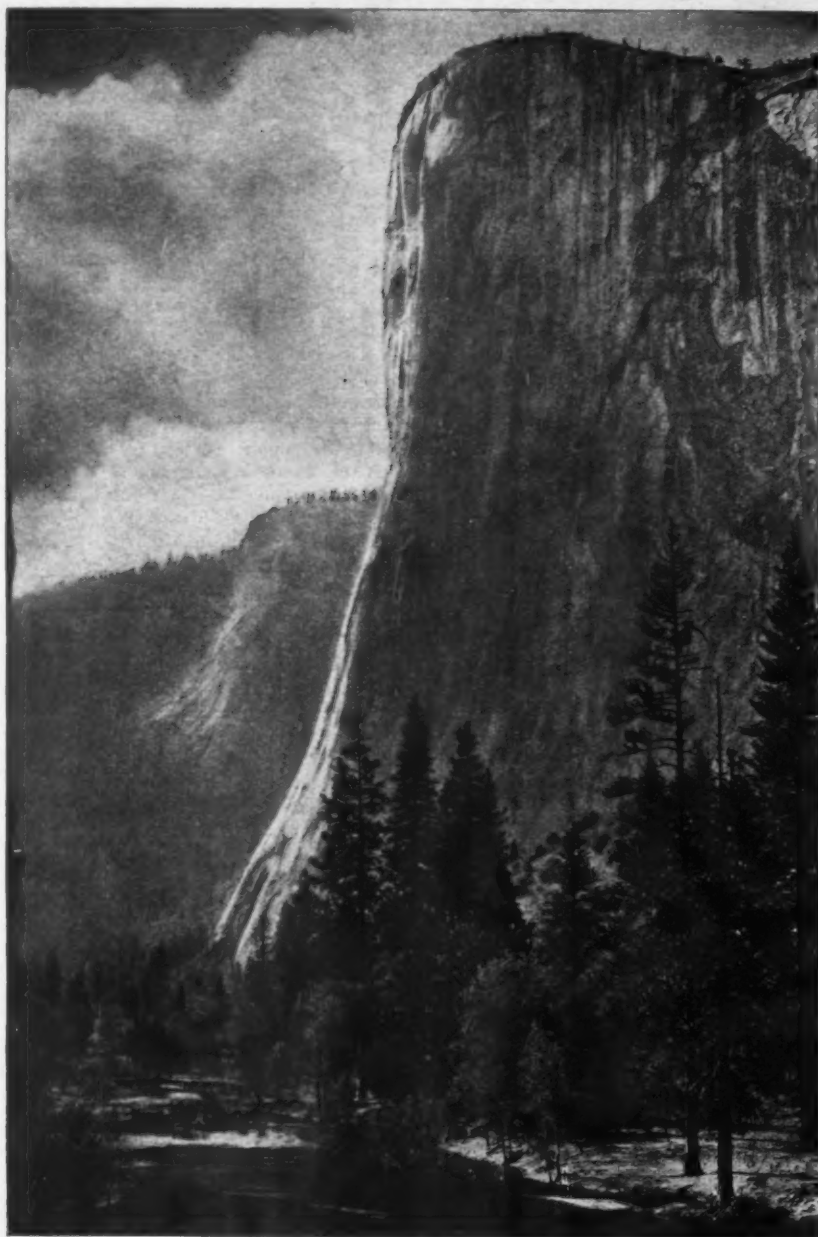
Dean of American Playwrights Has Himself Played Many Parts in Life

WITH a dramatic climax Augustus Thomas paid his tribute to the memory of Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, at the one-hundred-and-thirty-third anniversary at the Biltmore, by reciting the words of the first message ever sent over the wire in experimental days: "Attention; The Universe; By Kingdoms; Right Wheel."

The dean of playwrights, Augustus Thomas,



AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the dean of American playwrights, now occupies much the same position in the theatrical world that Will Hays does in the motion picture field. "In Missouri" is his favorite play—as it is the favorite play of many thousands of theatre goers



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ONE of Nature's scenic wonders is "El Capitan" in the Yosemite Valley, the gigantic rock whose impermeable granite having resisted the attrition of the glacier, now rises more than 3,600 feet above the floor of the valley. Viewed with the gorgeous coloring of a California sunset as a background, it is a most wonderful and impressive sight

is a sage and philosopher; a popular guest at every important banquet table.

"I like to attend dinners where there is a specific object in view, rather than just a gathering for mutual admiration and eating."

A fluent speaker Augustus Thomas now occupies much the same position in the theatrical world that Will Hays does in the motion picture field. The level headed judgment of Augustus Thomas goes a long way toward settling matters.

When Dr. Elihu Baldwin Thomas went down to the post office in St. Louis, Missouri, January 8, 1859, he remarked with more than professional uncton, "It is a boy." His boy was christened Augustus and still retains the traditional Missouri instinct—he has to be shown. Educated in the public schools, young Augustus began staging plays during his grammar school days—anything to avoid studying. As a page boy in the forty-first Congress he secured material for plays, and

six years in practical railroading made him feel closely akin to the telegraph key. While making out way bills he longed to become a writer and illustrator and later worked on St. Louis, Kansas City and New York newspapers, not only as an editor, but became proprietor of the *Kansas City Mirror*.

Reflecting the genius of the American popular playwright, Augustus Thomas has lived the life of an American, having been a candidate for the legislature. Even in the titles of his plays Mr. Thomas is thoroughly American. His plays, "Alabama," "Arizona," "In Missouri," would indicate he started in to cover the history of the forty-nine states. In swift succession came other plays which caught the popular fancy. Who will forget the wonderful moments of "The Witching Hour," "The Copper Head," "In Kentuck." The last of his large family were "Palmy Days" and "Nemesis."

I have sat next to Mr. Thomas at several banquets and watched him cover the tablecloth thereabout with cryptic notes in a space about three feet square.

A man of medium build, smooth face, a rather florid complexion, with plenty of hair left on the top of his head, Mr. Thomas belies his age. His is a sturdy figure in evening dress and he might be taken for a character in one of his own plays.

"An artist is an inventor. Artists like Morse and Robert Fulton became inventors, for inventors, after all, have the same impulse as artists, blending colors, reaching for the subtleties of harmony, seeing visions that do not appear on the retina of the average eye. All people are more or less playwrights. They construct their own little dramas with the 'I will and you will not'—the eternal combat of emotions. Watch children at play and see them staging their little scenes, when they play house and bow to imaginative visitors, the girls talking to their dolls and the boys fighting imaginary Indians. The hope of America today is vision. A people without vision must perish—and imagination is the one quality which impels progress."

"What is your favorite play?"

"It is trite when you say you cannot name a favorite among your children. 'In Missouri' still remains a favorite. The zest in writing a play brings it close to the author. When it is a babe in swaddling clothes you seem to love it most and then when it grows up and flies away you turn your attention to the next child."

Whether in the Green Room, at banquets or social functions, on the farm or on the street—Augustus Thomas is adaptable to the scene.



"What's the Matter With Kansas?"—Ask Its Best-known Citizen

WHEN William Allen White appeared before the Women's League of Voters at their annual convention in Buffalo in 1924, he was able to talk to them as a pioneer Kansas suffrage crusader. Having been born and reared in Emporia, Kansas, woman voters were not strangers to him.

Experiences of early days in Kansas are revealed in his book entitled, "The Court of Boyville." The opportunities of an editor of a country weekly and a country city daily are ideal for developing individuality. The births, marriages and deaths of the people in the home town—and there are the same kind of people in Emporia as in other parts of the country—brought him very close to his readers.

Achieving a national reputation as an author, he has never been induced to "break the home ties." The *Emporia Daily Gazette* is an institution, and William Allen White is an institution of the institution, and is easily the First Citizen of Emporia, a distinction won in hard fought battles. His ancestors hailed from the east and he inherits the intrepid spirit of revolutionary heroes and Indian fighting pioneers. Although his father was a doctor, young William had to take sulphur and molasses in spring and wear an asafetida bag around his neck—the same as other boys, to keep off diphtheria—and remind others of addled eggs.

Chairman of the publicity for the Progressive Party in 1922, an ardent follower and admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, he became a prominent figure in politics. During the war he was associated with the Red Cross work in France and was a delegate at the Russian Conference at Prinkipo.

A popular contributor to periodicals, he has

an emphatic William Allen Whitesque way of saying things, and the sparks fly from his pen in recording convictions. Speaking with deliberation, this man of sturdy build, blue eyes and blonde hair, once called red, but now streaked with grey, William Allen White greets one with the high pitched drawl of a man of letters.



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and the "Emporia Daily Gazette" are universally known for putting Kansas on the map of world affairs. When he wrote "What's the Matter With Kansas?" he produced a newspaper classic

When he was threatened with arrest by his friend Governor Henry Allen of Kansas, the hero of his war book "Henry and I," for putting a poster in his window sympathizing with the railroad shop strikers, he kept the poster flying and invited the Governor to do his worst—and William is still at large.

"If people would only act as straight as they honestly want to think, there would be fewer links in the chain."

From Emporia hail a number of other writers of national fame. The only thing that William Allen White has not done is to write a play, but he finds time to slip down to New York to see all the new plays and revel in the atmosphere of the metropolis until the time comes to plant sunflowers in Kansas.

The national reputation of William Allen White was established when he wrote an editorial on "What's the Matter With Kansas?" It was a frank, outspoken indictment of his state when Kansas was seething with populism. His answer was reprinted by the millions and was an effective bit of literature during the '96 campaign.

While he has never held public office, he is never happier than when boosting a deserving friend for office. Harry Sinclair made his start at Independence, Kansas, but William Allen White insists that he is still agrarian in his sympathies. "Our state has oil to pour on the troubled waters, but the products that grow above the ground are still the back-bone of bleeding Kansas."



**Once a Stevedore on the River Volga—Now
World Famous Singer**

WHEN Feodor Chaliapin, the world's greatest living basso, came to America as a "Bosiak," or exile, with Maxim Gorky, he little dreamed that he would soon have the opera and music-loving people of New York at his feet.

After his arrival in America there was a hesitancy among managers in engaging Feodor

Chaliapin because of his revolutionary associations, for he is mentioned in Gorky's book, "26 and 6."

An apprentice to a shoemaker at an early age Feodor Chaliapin is still able to cobble shoes as well as carry the leading role in "Boris Godounov." His middle name, Ivanovitch, has been dropped because this name recalls the early struggles and privations that he does not care to remember. He would like to forget all the tragic memories of youth.

When but a child little Feodor sang in the choir of the Archbishop for three rubles a month, at that time \$1.50, and it was necessary to help support the family from his earnings, but his voice was not neglected. He was a porter on the railroad and a stevedore on the Volga steamboats, later travelling throughout the Caucasian region as a singer and dancer.

Appearing in Petrograd (now Leningrad), Russia, he soon became the idol of the Russians, and began an engagement at the Imperial Opera in Moscow at sixty thousand rubles a year. Later he was called to the La Scala, Milan, by Gatti-Casazza, who is now manager of the Metropolitan in New York City, and his success was instantaneous.

After a concert in Boston I met Feodor Chaliapin. He was attired in the conventional black of evening dress and seemed even more handsome than when in the tinsel and gaudy robes of his operatic roles. He has already mastered some English, and he declared:

"I have always believed that a singer should know and feel the motive that inspired the



LYNN J. FRAZIER of North Dakota has conferred distinction on his native state by the splendid record he has made as a legislator. He has helped tremendously to lift the farmers of his state out of the slough of despondency

composer before he attempts to sing in public. Music that cannot be felt and does not touch the emotions is not real music."

The programs for his concerts carry the words of every song and add much to an intelligent appreciation of his singing.

Chaliapin is a tall man, wide between the eyes,



FEODOR CHALIAPIN, the world's greatest basso, was born in Russia, and the romantic story of his life puts the average movie "thrills" in the shade. Those who have heard him sing "The Echo" can never forget his wonderful voice

which are gray and deep set. His gray hair and thin, firm lips are a reminder of his early days of hardship. He has a keen sense of humor and loves high colors in his neckties.

Eminent bassos are rare these days, but Chaliapin is even rarer among the rare. He was born in the land of the Tartars, in the town of Kazan, and fulfills the American conception of a typical Russian. Although he is a little past fifty, he still retains the vigor of early manhood when he developed a remarkable physique rolling the barrels on the deck of a vessel in the Caspian Sea and carrying trunks at the Siberian Railroad Station. Talk of romance on the stage and in books! The life of Chaliapin is a transformation that rivals the tale of Cinderella. His name is pronounced (Sha-la-peen), with the accent on the last syllable.

An opera or concert without Chaliapin cannot be called an all-star performance, for Chaliapin is certainly a star in the realm of basso profundos and has maintained Russia's place in the world of music. Those who have heard Chaliapin sing "The Echo" will never forget the voice that reverberates seemingly throughout the forest and ever faintly dying away—leaves a memory imperishable.



**Wanted to Study Medicine—Went Back to
the Farm—Became Governor**

WHILE born in Minnesota, Senator Lynn J. Frazier, of North Dakota, may be called a "native son." In 1881 his family moved to Pembina County, North Dakota, to settle on a government homestead, which has



DAVID BELASCO was born in California and spent his early days in a monastery—now he is the most famous theatrical producer in the world—and one of the most finished artists who have ever placed a play upon the stage. No detail is too small to receive his earnest consideration and the patience and persistence he displays in striving for a desired effect are marvellous

ever since been the home of Lynn J. Frazier. The original sod house has been displaced by a more elegant structure, together with large and spacious barns and sheds, which have been added through the years, as the original homestead of one hundred and sixty acres has been supplemented by the addition of three hundred and twenty acres more, making a farm of three quarters of a section of beautiful Red River Valley land—the most fertile on the continent.

As a boy Lynn Frazier helped on the farm in the busy seasons and went to school in winter at Hoople, later taking his high school course at Grafton, fifteen miles from the farm. Here he was always late in getting started with the class, as he had to help with the fall work before entering school. Upon his graduation from high school he taught several terms of school in the home locality to earn the money to complete his education. He graduated from the State Normal School at Mayville, where he and three others kept house in a grain buyer's office adjacent to a large grain elevator. Here there was

just room enough for the two beds with a trunk between and a little space for "light house-keeping."

Continuing his studies at the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks, the future Senator, who is of strong, stocky build, and with fighting Scotch blood in his veins, became interested in football. Many a lusty opponent learned to know and respect the strength and agility of this star of the team, and to safeguard himself accordingly. He received his A. B. degree from the University in 1901, and expected to continue a course in medicine. Fate, however, decreed otherwise. His father and older brother died, leaving his aged mother alone on the farm, so he gave up his ambitions for a professional career, and settled on the home farm.

In 1903 he married a neighbor's daughter, Miss Lottie Stafford, who has proved to be all that he could have hoped for in a life-mate, a lover of home, and a considerate wife and mother. When twin daughters were born, they were named Unie and Versie in honor of the University from

This Great Dramatist Lives and Works in the Midst of Dramatic Mementoes

AS theaters go dark in New York City, whether because of closing season or equity strikes, there is a revival of interest in managers and producers, for the fact remains that a theatrical production must have a producer at one time or another.

Climbing the four flights of winding stairs that lead to the unique studio under the roof of his theater I found David Belasco, the veteran, who has given some of the greatest productions to the American stage.

The same mystic, quiet, beloved Belasco, with gray hair, twinkling eyes and dark eyebrows greeted me, speaking softly and distinctly as in the old days. He lives, thinks and works in the midst of "properties." On a handy desk was Dumas' work, "The Three Musketeers" and a drum that sounded the long roll for Napoleon—drama on every hand surrounds David Belasco.

"Is the dramatic instinct really creeping into business?"

"I think so," he answered. "You know the skyscraper evolved from an incident where a bird cage was holding up heavy books placed upon it. The salesman writes, rehearses and produces his own little plays every day—he oftentimes has a more difficult role than some actors."

David Belasco was born in California and spent his early days in a monastery, which accounts for his liking for clerical garb. He began as usher in a theater, and as a result knows his theater from the front to back stage. As stage manager at Baldwin's Grand, in San Francisco, he made a national reputation. When a production passed his inspection it was ready for Broadway.

Beginning his New York career as stage manager of the Madison Square, it was not long before David Belasco was leading manager of the Lyceum Theater and soon built his own, "The Belasco" Theater which has been the scene of more distinctive theatrical triumphs than any other theater in the country. Belasco has become an institution, and the theatrical public, for over twenty-five years, have counted on a Belasco play as an event of the season.

Simply to list Belasco's productions is to record pre-eminent theatrical successes. More than producing drama, Belasco has accomplished much in the development of artists and actors. From David Warfield in "The Music Master," to Lionel Atwell in "Devereaux"—from Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza," Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West" to Leonora Ulrich in "Tiger Rose"—the list is a veritable blue book of famous stage folk.

The first ambition of every stage aspirant is to "see Belasco." His realism is real—real fires glow in the fire-place—the lighting is studied to the last shadow. This all reflects the rugged sincerity and honor of Belasco to his art. His career exemplifies the old saying that "genius is the capacity for taking pains."

"I believe in regulating the imagination by reality. Business is much like a play; business is built, and so is a play; both are evolutions along natural progressive lines, both depend essentially upon human interest."

The Dean of American Dramatists, David Belasco personifies American drama. He has encouraged the drama in smaller cities and gave the Belasco cup recently presented to a Texas club in the Little Theater tournament under direction of Drama League work.

The Wisdom of Laziness

Why rush around trying to do a lot of things in order to save time enough to do a lot more things? Why not take a leaf out of Fred Kelly's book, and try being lazy for awhile?

HAS anyone seen Fred C. Kelly—at work? That is the mystery in the story of a new book. The title carries an appeal to 999 out of every one thousand readers. It is called the "Wisdom of Laziness." The author has established a merited claim to immortality. In his newspaper days at Washington there was always an impression existing that Fred Kelly was the busiest non-official in the Capitol. Personal interviews and sketches were pouring out by the yard in newspapers and magazines. He seemed to be visiting more people in a day than a bill collector on commission. True, he had a leisurely way and was always going to theatres, fishing and fussing with dogs, but somehow he established the impression that he wielded a busy pencil to take care of the product of a busy brain. Now comes his latest book. The title itself, "Wisdom of Laziness," ought to occasion a rush to the book counters, for he has appealed to the one natural impulse in life. The book is published by Doubleday, Page & Company, and the author has issued a challenge as America's laziest man, in an "autobioglet" (whatever that means) written of course by another man—but it tells enough about the author to whet the curiosity as to what he could write under the spell of his magic Lazy-Bug.

Fred C. Kelly has a farm near Cleveland—but there is work on a farm. He appeared at the Cleveland Convention in golf socks, at a time and place when no one else wore golf socks. That is Fred C. Kelly's unique way of doing things—the unexpected. He is a big fellow, and some might say gruff, but there is an inside of the man that is as tender and sweet and beautiful as the wild roses that bloom under his cabin window in June time. In surveying the scene of his boyhood, I could not find that he was prominent in much of anything—or had any aptitudes or abilities that the neighbors could talk about. "Oh, yes," said one, "we did know him as the one boy who never did work." And it seemed to irritate him to see others trying to grind at High School and in college—from which, as he explains humorously he "was fired before he got standardized." After leaving the halls of learning he wanted to do something where an education was unnecessary, so he naturally hit upon newspaper work and writing. He lagged along, dabbling at it just as he goes fishing, but beginning at the tender age of fifteen he learned by absorption. At this mature age, while reading one of his compositions in English, his classmates laughed. It so startled him that he then and there determined that he would always write on the humorous side of things. Then when he tried to write humor he found he was not so hellishly humorous after all, so he quit trying to be amusing and he found that people are interested in natural things and that the most natural thing was laziness. Then came to him the wisdom of his creed.



This "Portrait of a Lazy Man" depicts Fred Kelly in a state of quietude and contemplation. The slight frown perceptible upon his lofty brow indicates that some wandering thought of work has obtruded itself upon his cosmic consciousness.

All this evolved into his becoming a philosopher in his own right. Why not share it with others? He turned on his searchlight and managed to illuminate his observations with a turn of a phrase and humor that is irresistible. He has even essayed high-brow material with success, but the mystery of it all is—how Fred Kelly has achieved so much without any sort of visible means of work.

Every job he has secured with his eyes open, looking for something easy. He did a funny column on the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* which took about an hour or two a day and which enabled him to indulge in his habit of loafing. He went to Washington and turned out a column so easily that he even did such intensified loafing as fishing. Then he began magazine work, feeling that here he could make the greatest success with the least effort and a modicum of intelligence. He just went a'visiting with distinguished men, talked to them, found out what the other fellow knew, put it on sheets of paper with a typewriter, being careful to write on one side only, and triple spaced the sheet to make the article look longer.

When I was paging Mr. Kelly in the Cleveland Hotel, I thought I would try his own prescription, but he talked like a philosopher. When I

asked him concerning his greatest likes he was very diplomatic and gave them to me in the following order: Dogs, beautiful women, fishing, circuses and strawberry shortcake.

When I asked him what were his chief aversions, he delivered them off like the multiplication table: Derby hats, dancing, cauliflower, motion pictures and Senator Copeland.

It required a long search for me to get a picture that would vividly portray Fred Kelly at his best—in his laziest mood. "Eureka," I found it—a snap-shot of him sitting in a rocking chair in a boat—fishing. There was no real fishing about it, he was just sitting there. There was another man present to put on the bait. Fishing comes third under his classifications of likes.

Now coming down to the real, serious side of Fred Kelly. He has proved in this little classic, "Wisdom of Laziness," that all inventions and nearly all progress has been due to lazy men seeking to save themselves work. Steam engines, steam boats, mechanical labor-saving devices, owe their incentive to the lazy fellow. He might have included the safety razor, which was exploited with the fascinating phrase, "No stropping—no honing."

In his delightful home-spun way Fred Kelly points out why famous leaders come from the farms—because they had to work so hard they wanted to get away—the fruits of laziness. Authors and writers too busy for physical activity seek to improve the world. Napoleon is described as a lazy boy, Darwin an indolent lad, Isaac Newton loved to lie under a tree and watch the apples fall, Robert Fulton objected to pulling a sail or using oars, Samuel Johnson made a dent in the wall with his head, leaning back in a chair, because he was too lazy to get up. Hegel, Bryon, Ibsen, James Russell Lowell, Goethe, Emerson, Gladstone—all were inoculated with a phase of laziness and were as a rule failures at school—but successes on the homestretch. There were very few bright boys among them. Herbert Spencer was all right evolving "first principles," but he was never first aid to a wheelbarrow or anything that looked like labor.

In books of inspiration, Thomas A. Edison is pointed out as an example of industry, and yet he perfectly idled away the days of youth, and invented things to save doing them himself. He still writes a small hand, which he cultivated to save himself work as a telegraph operator—think of the saving in ink on a tiny signature—repeated so often in a long life of signing notes.

A host of admiring friends, including Booth Tarkington, feel that Fred Kelly is one of the most interesting men in America, even if he does wear the medal for laziness. After all he is giving the world the philosophy and profit of his laziness in preparing this thrilling collection of wit that will serve a purpose in helping humanity on its weary way much more than the myriad of books labeled and re-labeled with appeals for

industry. Fred Kelly has proven that the lazy man is the only one who insists on leisure to think. The rest of the people rush about looking at things beyond their noses and rushing for trains—rushing themselves into a fury if they miss a train. If the other fellow is late, Fred Kelly just goes his way. Sometimes he goes home, and if the other fellow is not there he may telephone or he may not. There is a charming irresponsibility that paradoxically makes Fred Kelly a responsible person in this day and generation when camouflage is being turned aside and we see how much everyday life is frittered away in non-essentials. You might as well be loafing as doing something that does not count.

The whole trend of his creed is to do things that do not seem like work—in other words to make your work play, and not take yourself any more seriously than the world does. What more luring occupation for a summer afternoon than



FRED C. KELLY indulging in one of his most strenuous forms of outdoor sport—fishing. We don't know what the man with the hammer is doing. Maybe he is pounding the bottom of the boat to attract the fish

out under the trees listening to the buzz of the bees and the drone of the dragon flies, with grasshoppers hopping about and the mosquitoes sociable as the leaves above—just listlessly moving in the still and breathless afternoon—to think that you are attuned with the wisdom of Nature's lazy moods.

On a fishing trip, or wherever the impulse may lead, why not have this text book at hand to justify every inclination to do nothing with nothing to do? These are creative days called recreation for short, when the mind is open, susceptible, as free as Nature seems to be at her best in her laziest mood.

The reader will agree Fred Kelly has proved his point. His book would be a companion everywhere. The price is \$1.75, the price of a "movie" and think what hours, days, weeks, even months you can carry the book around with you and linger in a lackadaisical Elysium of laziness.

Books, Authors and You

By RALPH PARKER ANDERSON

THE literary center of these United States is Hollywood, California!

That belief is one result of the several weeks I just spent in that famous little city of motion pictures. Authors, authors, authors! Screen writers who speak glibly about \$1500-a-week contracts, interviewers who are continually wishing that they could tell the real truth about the stars they write up, young and old authors who go to Hollywood because of the superb weather—all these, and many more, form part of the literary faction.

All the other people in Hollywood and Los Angeles plan to write some day—as soon as they have time. You can't blame them, because they see such substantial evidence of the profits of authorship—evidence in the form of hundred-thousand-dollar mansions, expensive motor cars, and so on.

I had lunch at The Writers' Club, Hollywood, one day. The place was filled with people bearing famous names. The club itself is housed in a beautiful building—and, oh, those glorious automobiles in which wielders of the pen drove up!

It was Perley Poore Sheehan, director and author, who was responsible for taking me to the club. Sheehan wears puttees, has a very "sheikish" mustache, is deadly serious about his work, and is crazy about Hollywood.

He had to find an outlet for his enthusiasm about Hollywood, so he's completing a book. If he raves in that book half as much as he does in conversation, about Hollywood, the volume will bubble with feeling.

"A greater Paris than Paris! The literary and artistic center of the world! Thousands of really worth-while people flocking here every year! Everyone wanting to come here, and no one wanting to move away!"

So saith Sheehan. Well, I agree with him. Hollywood is wonderful.

Jim Tully, that young genius who created such a stir with "Emmett Lawler," has finished another novel, "Beggars of Life." Among the many interesting people I met in Southern California—and I met them all, from Cecil B. DeMille to Conrad Nagel, from Upton Sinclair to Harry Chandler, from Victor Seastrom to Carmel

Myers—Jim looms up as a great figure. We developed a real friendship, and I shall never forget our midnight discussions. Dreamer and cynic, hopeless pessimist and courageous optimist, conceited and utterly lacking in self-appreciation—Tully is a maze of contradictions. He promised me that he will write an autobiography. I predict it will be one of the best in literature.

Frank H. Spearman, whose most famous character is Whisperin' Smith, is working on another novel. I saw the manuscript—a bewildering mess of crossed-out words, new lines added everywhere. Only his secretary can decipher a Spearman page when the author revises.

Recently, I spent most of an afternoon talking with Upton Sinclair. We sat on the lawn of the rambling shack that is his home, and talked about human nature. What strange phases of human nature Sinclair has seen! The underdogs, the radicals, the mistreated of all the world, write to him and call on him. Yea, even Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and his ambitious wife called at the socialist's home. Sinclair was away, but Mrs. Sinclair says that she liked the young millionaire publisher.

Sinclair's "The Goslings" is not a true picture of our American schools, because it presents only the blackest of the dark side. However, it is a book of revelations and will do some good.

Sinclair's latest novel is "They Call Me Carpenter." As the title suggests, it recounts the adventures of Christ in the modern world. It is fascinating, but would be a greater novel if it contained less propaganda, or perhaps the same propaganda more subtly told.

As a colorful, vivid portrayal of a poet's reactions in a world that he hates, and as a picture of the soul-wracking struggles of creative effort, the same author's "The Journal of Arthur Stirling" is without equal. It is written in impressionistic, diary form that makes you live the story. This, like "The Fasting Cure" is a reprint of one of his early books. There is no doubt about the fact that we eat too much, and that the proper fast will cure many ills. There's nothing in particular wrong with me, but "The Fasting Cure" is so darned enthusiastic and sensible that I'm going to try a short fast anyway.

Mrs. Mary Craig Sinclair, Upton's wife, has published "The Parlor Provocateur." This little book consists of the letters of Kate Crane Gartz, millionaire radical. Apparently, Mrs. Gartz has devoted much of her time to writing letters of protest, letters to newspapers, letters to famous people and to everyone else who did something she didn't like. Mrs. Gartz' heart is in the right place, but some of the letters seem rather foolish.

My feeling toward Frederick O'Brien, writer of South Seas travel books, is one of sincere affection. I'm afraid that I'm an all-too-frequent visitor at his home. Whenever there is anyone else at his house, I feel irritated if they consume even a few minutes of precious time. I would rather listen to O'Brien's tales of strange adventures and to his impressions of the thousands of famous people he knows, than to do anything else—except watch the same man mimic people he has met. He is a supreme artist of impersonation. He is, in one personality, a lovable boy and a seasoned philosopher.

Have you read his latest travel book, published quite a few months ago? It's "Atolls of the Sun" (The Century Company, New York). One of the most thrilling bits is the unforgettable account of O'Brien's sensations while caught under a dangerous coral reef.

Much of O'Brien's mastery is in his skill with the comparison unique. Comparisons like this: "He was about forty years old . . . with an eye like an electric light through a keyhole."

When I chatted with O'Brien last, he was writing a series of short stories.

"Behind the Screen" (Geo. H. Doran Company New York) is written by Samuel Goldwyn, according to the book itself. But, according to Hollywood, it is principally written by Corinne Lowe, to whom Goldwyn acknowledges his indebtedness, in the forenote, for "assistance." However, the authorship isn't a matter of vital concern, because the volume isn't especially well-written, anyway. Nevertheless, if you're a fan you'll enjoy it very much.

Widely different is Tamar Lane's "What's Wrong with the Movies?" (Waverly Company, Los Angeles). In this volume, a former press agent breaks loose and writes some honest, frank

Face to Face with Celebrities

Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and the drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world

WHEN the little lass from Minnesota met David Belasco she had it firmly fixed in her mind that she was going to be a star. What sort of a star she did not declare, but after a few rehearsals, David Belasco nodded his gray head approvingly, and that was the beginning of a new name in the theatrical firmament.

At the age of sixteen Lenore Ulrich began her stage career. She was not worried by theories or higher education, but had definitely decided in her own little head what she was going to do.



LENORE ULRICH says: "I want every individual in the audience to feel as I do when I am trying to express an emotion."

While her talent was apparent it did not altogether impress the neighbor-folk because she was young—and they said she would outgrow it all when she married and settled down on Main Street. She aspired to play "Camille" when in short skirts, having truly hitched her little wagon to a star.

Play after play, day after day, in every way, under the keen eye and vigorous training of David Belasco, the genius of Lenore Ulrich blossomed. Best of all, the process did not take the bloom of youth from her cheek for she carried in her wistfulness, that fine enthusiasm that youth alone sustains.

Appearing in the gorgeous oriental setting of "The Son Daughter," a play of new China, her fame spread abroad. There was a cable request from England to have Miss Ulrich presented at London play houses, but David Belasco decided to wait, for there were other plans. Lenore Ulrich, garbed in brocaded robes stiff with gold embroideries and with manicured tapering fingers strumming a Chinese mandolin, may have stamped her foot now and then in temperamental protest, but she realized that age and experience has something to offer youth in helpfulness; for is not youth but living over and over again what happened to their elders?

Full-blown came her success in "The Tiger Rose," a "long-run" triumph. The soul and spirit of the play gave this little lady with artistic instincts shining in every feature and every graceful movement of her lithesome form, an opportunity to test histrionic qualities. Lenore Ulrich in varied atmospheres and environs may play the Wild West, the exotic Orient, or what not! She has demonstrated that universality of human emotion and feeling.

This little lady of the big brown eyes and lips with a natural cupid's bow, not artificial in outline—even in makeup—is a womanly girl and a girlish woman. Whether expressing queenly mein, suppliant despair, or humility, Lenore Ulrich runs the full gamut of dramatic art. She can most certainly strum the harp of human emotions.

In the production "Kiki" Lenore Ulrich has just closed one of the most phenomenally successful engagements in the history of the American theatre. She began to do that wonderful characterization of Kiki in November, 1921. This, one of the most exacting emotional parts ever written, she has played for one thousand performances.

Well deserved is her European trip this summer, her first vacation in three years.

"One of the first places I shall visit in France will be Bernhardt's tomb. She was the great artist and my heroine, for she fulfilled my ideal of art."

"Oh! about my work?"

"I want every individual in the audience to feel as I do when I am trying to express an emotion."

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Howard Chandler Christy—the Portrait Painter of Presidents

The "Christy girl" marked a vogue of "Miss America" on magazine covers and established the reputation of the young artist illustrator. Howard Chandler Christy has since become one of the world's foremost portrait painters, having just completed the portraits of Mrs. Coolidge and the President shown at a recent exhibition of his work in Washington.

"Never tell what you are going to do—do it—and let the work speak for you." The time has come when America is calling upon her own eminent artists with commissions formerly given to foreigners.

Enthusiastic in his admiration of John Sargent as the world's foremost living painter, Mr. Christy continued:

"His mural decorations in the Boston Public Library are the masterpieces of the age and will live for all time. I feel the growth of full-flowered genius and power among American artists. There is an infectious enthusiasm

working with and among those who are pushing forward towards the pinnacle of artistic achievement."

These observations were made in Mr. Christy's New York studio, while he was puffing a black pipe betimes with eyes fairly sparkling as he referred to brother artists who are already rivaling the portrait masterpieces of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Four years after his birth in 1873, in Morgan County, Ohio, little Howard Christy was on the floor drawing pictures. An artist of some fame was living in Zanesville, and little Howard begged to go and see him—even giving up his first circus to do so. He remembers to this day the awe with which he looked upon the "really true" artist whose auburn hair and whiskers were of themselves a Titian hirsute adornment. On a large canvas "Custer's Last Charge" was being painted, and to young Christy it overshadowed even a circus tent in proportions.

From that time to the present, General Custer, with his flowing hair and romantic, dashing appearance, remains the hero of Howard Chandler Christy.

While in school young Christy was forever



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY says: "I feel the growth of full flowered genius and power among American artists. There is an infectious enthusiasm working with, and among, those who are pushing forward towards the pinnacle of artistic achievement."

drawing figures of girls in gingham and horses in red on the blackboard with colored chalk when he should have been drawing the figures given in the arithmetic. The teachers scowled—and then smiled.

Enlisting in the Spanish American War he served with the 2nd U. S. Regulars and "Rough Riders" and saw fighting before Santiago with Roosevelt—a rough-and-ready experience as an illustrator for the magazine articles he contributed.

The nine books which he illustrated for James Whitcomb Riley brought the fond and grateful appreciation of the Hoosier poet. He has also illustrated three of his own books and has won medals at the Paris Exposition, the Chicago Exposition and the National Academy of Design.

During the campaign of 1920, he left "The Barracks," his summer studio in Ohio, and made a pilgrimage to Marion where he had the first sittings and study of the famous Harding portrait. Mr. and Mrs. Christy visited and had dinner with the Hardings, after which Mr. Christy made his first sketch at the house.

An intimate friend of the late President, Mr. Christy has the distinction of painting two successive Presidents in a White House studio.

"I always had a strong liking for painting textures in portraits. A study of costumes in the Masters indicates the value of color in portraits. Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," with that matchless cloak, Rubens with his resplendent red apparel, and Rembrandt with white collars in somber shadow, reveal the importance of the shades of attire in tones of a portrait.

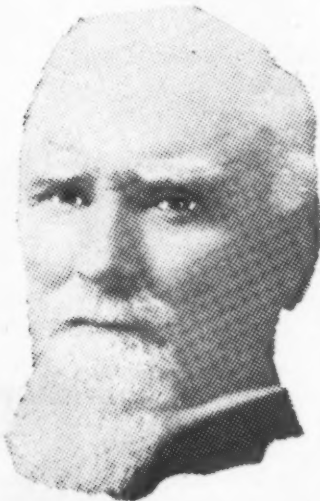
Howard Chandler Christy portrays the character with the raiment and gives that subtle something that makes individuality a living likeness upon the canvas. And still he remains a rollicking happy soul without affecting the traditional erratic manners associated with artistic temperament.

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Captain Robert Dollar—the Grand Old Man of the Pacific

It was the veteran "Grand Old Man of the Pacific," Robert Dollar, speaking to me in his San Francisco office. He was preparing for another voyage to China.

"'Lucky is the man who fails in business when young,' was the consolation offered me, by a friend, as a young man when I saw my life savings go in a smash. I did not fully appreciate these words until time rolled by, but set doggedly



CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR says: "Permanent progress in business can only be made with an honorable name." *Lucky is the man who fails in business when young*"

to work to begin over again, starting in the lumber business as a foreman. At this low ebb in my fortunes I married the girl of my choice. We began working together to wipe away dollars of indebtedness year by year."

Now the name of Robert Dollar is known over the seven seas. His battle of life started when he was ten years of age. As Harry Lauder says about Scotch caution and pluck—"Ye canna beat it." You just see the Western Hemisphere filled with names like that of Donald Smith, Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill—empire builders, master pioneers—that had the nerve and the courage of the frontier.

When the heather was in bloom in 1841 little Bobbie Dollar was born over a lumber yard office in Falkirk, Scotland. Arriving in America, a motherless child, Robert Dollar first lived in Canada, but before long felt the call of the great Northwest and launched into the lumber business. In a Canadian lumber camp as a chore boy he began making figures upon the shingles and studied, worked and dreamed. A small library of books was part of his "turkey" or equipment moving from camp to camp.

At the age of twenty-one he was foreman, and then came the ambition to invest and re-invest in timber and lands. A long, long way between investment and realization, for he had thought that he had mastered every phase of the business and was getting along swimmingly when—crash! came Black Friday, leaving Robert Dollar at twenty-seven a bankrupt. Then it was that his real life began as he related to me.

Studying the possibilities of exporting lumber to Great Britain led him to study more closely the map of China. Looking over the forests of the Pacific slope he discovered that making lumber was easier than marketing it, and the chief factor in the distribution of lumber was to have ships to transport it. Then was born the idea that resulted in the great Dollar Steamship lines of today, with a regular monthly service around the world and offices dotting the map of every country touching the high seas.

"Permanent progress in business can only be made with an honorable name. Punctuality is important and spurts of hard work are of no use; it is the steady, persevering work that wins."

When China passed from the old dynasty to the new republic, Robert Dollar was called as an adviser. During the World War he arranged with China to build thirty million dollars' worth of ships for the United States. They ordered this money paid over to him without bond or contract, an expression of personal confidence in an individual unsurpassed in the history of the Orient.

When he arose I observed in Captain Dollar a tall, stately gentleman of the old school—patriarchal in appearance, with white beard and high forehead, and carrying his shoulders erect—a picture of Scotch stability.

Before I left he honored me with a glimpse of the diary he has kept for nearly three-score years. It is one of the most important private diaries in existence, illuminating many events of the past seventy years not included in printed histories.

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Frank Arthur Vanderlip—Founder of the Citizens' Federal Research Bureau

These are the days of uproars! Frank Arthur Vanderlip in his charges involving the name of revered dead aroused a storm of indignation. When called before the Senate investigation committee in Washington he insisted that he had only



FRANK A. VANDERLIP says: "We are not only losing ground in the manner of our government, but we are endangering democracy."

mentioned Harding's name and newspaper to scotch rumors and insisted that he was determined to make a fight against corruption and inefficiency at Washington. He did not take the first train back to New York. He remained as a private citizen and organized the Citizen's Federal Research Bureau for the purpose of exposing certain conditions which, in his mind, opposed the functions of good government.

This action followed his resignation from the directorship of many important corporations—a jolt in financial Wall Street—226 miles away from Washington. Ever since he came to New York after serving as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, F. A. Vanderlip has been a powerful factor in the corporation life of New York City.

Working in a machine shop in Aurora, Illinois, his birthplace, Frank Vanderlip decided he would become an expert machinist. Later he attended the University of Illinois, and drifted into newspaper work in 1889. As a reporter he was a success and became financial editor of the Chicago *Tribune* and later established a financial paper called *The Economist*.

Frank Vanderlip was a close friend of Lyman J. Gage whom President McKinley appointed Secretary of the Treasury. Gage asked young Vanderlip to go with him to Washington as his private secretary. In March, 1899, Vanderlip was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and resigned in 1901 to become vice-president and later president of the National City Bank of New York.

At the age of three score, he declares that the remainder of his life will be devoted to his Bureau, illuminating affairs at Washington. He has planned the most elaborately endowed system of its kind in the country with his corps of experts—clerks, inspectors, and detectives—almost equal to that of the Secret Service.

Frank Vanderlip now rarely comes to New York, but at Easter time I found him at his office at 111 Broadway. The ante room was filled with people waiting to see him. As we sat and talked of Teapot Dome and Senate investigations, I found him a calm and collected individual.

The dominant note in Frank Vanderlip's attitude is his earnestness. His gray hair, which is now becoming quite white, is parted in the middle and is of the same color as his closely-cropped

mustache. From behind his rimless glasses his searching gray eyes peered directly at me as I asked him how he felt about the progress of his work in Washington.

"Mr. Daugherty is out of office, isn't he?" he quickly shot back with no other comment. "And Mr. Heney is in Washington, isn't he? Mr. Heney is in the lap of the gods—the Senate itself is in the lap of the gods. It is a fundamental question raised as to whether the Senate has the power to conduct investigations. I say that the investigations should go on and they will be carried on in some one form or another. If they will not carry it on officially, then it will have to be carried on through citizen investigation—this work I purpose to carry on."

The Vanderlip organization has assumed large proportions, probably entailing an annual expenditure running into seven figures. In discussing these plans he forcefully remarked:

"It will be even larger than it is now. This organization is not a detective bureau as some have said. Our function is to investigate deeper than that, for these recent developments have given us a study in inefficiency of government. We are not only losing ground in the manner of our government, but endangering democracy."

Mr. Vanderlip's home is at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, where he established at his own expense a school which is attended by the children of his own family as well as other Scarborough children. Mrs. Vanderlip is very prominent socially and takes a great interest in civic affairs.

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Senator James E. Watson—"The Gentleman from Indiana"

When Senator James Enos Watson begins to swing his long arms aloft in speaking there is a real burst of eloquence coming. Then follows that hard-hitting sledge-hammer gesture of senatorial debates. He wets his lips—then look out!



SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON says: "My friends keep me young. They insist that I can go the pace of twenty years ago—and I foolishly believe them."

After his matchless Lincoln banquet address his colleague, Senator Borah, weary of speeches sat on the edge of his chair and commented, "Jim makes a real speech outside of the Senate—why doesn't he let loose more like this on the floor."

Few men have had a more varied experience

in politics than the senior Senator from Indiana. They began calling him "Jim" early in life and James Whitcomb Riley declared that he was the original "Jim" of Hoosierdom.

Winchester, Indiana, is given the distinction of being the birthplace of James Watson in 1864. He attended high school, and one thing that saved him from the penalty of many mischievous pranks was the teacher's appreciation of ambition: "Jim has a future for he has decided to attend De Pauw University and become a preacher." At college he continued a student of human nature and was usually busy organizing political clubs. After he secured his diploma he practised law with his father Enos L. Watson.

Moving later to Rushville, Indiana, he began to rush matters in a political way before he was old enough to vote. Political leaders looking about for a likely victim to lead a forlorn congressional hope against the veteran "Objector," Hon. William S. Holman, known as "The Watchdog of the Treasury," selected Jim Watson.

"He won't feel a good political licking now."

Then and there Jim began—out early and late speaking wherever he could find an audience. Voters admired the plucky eloquent young candidate and he won the election. Coming to Washington in 1895, he later made the race for re-election and met defeat in the 1898 landslide during the Spanish War period.

A Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana in 1908, and although his name was as familiar to the people as that of George Washington, he lacked the votes for election—but he moved forward.

Presiding at the Republican National Convention of 1912, Senator Watson faced a fighting seniority, but he held his seat. When Governor Hadley of Missouri was named and his boom began, Watson called Hadley to the platform. The picture of the two young men standing together in a seething mass of people gave hope of a peaceful compromise for the ticket "Hadley and Watson," but the Rooseveltians turned from Hadley in a flash and centered on their idol—to divert the Hadley boom.

Jim Watson is a joiner—joins everything that comes along. Grand Commander of the Knights of Pythias, president of the State Epworth League, and has a long list of college degrees and civic distinctions.

"Uncle" Joe Cannon looked upon "Jim" as his boy, for Jim stood by his chief loyally through turbulent days when "Cannonism" was an issue.

Elected U. S. Senator from Indiana in 1916, he was Chairman of Resolutions at the Republican Convention that nominated Warren Harding. He read the prosaic political platform with dramatic effect. Mentioned as a presidential candidate in 1920, he modestly replied to the query:

"They might go farther and do worse."

Administration leader on the floor of the Senate for two years Senator Watson has become a powerful influence in the affairs of the Republican party.

"What keeps you so young?"

"My friends! They insist that I can go the pace of twenty years ago—and I foolishly believe them. Prodding keeps your physical and mental joints in action."

"Will the Republicans win in 1924?"

"Certainly, the primaries prove it. If voters recognize Calvin Coolidge's ability during the past tempestuous six months without a campaign—what will they do when the lights are all turned on."

Josephus Daniels, the War Naval Secretary—Biographer of Woodrow Wilson

Oftentimes a name is so distinctive that it reflects individuality. The name Josephus Daniels would seem to stand for good old biblical ideals—suggesting the courage of Daniel in the



JOSEPHUS DANIELS says: "There may be fifteen likely candidates start in the race at Madison Square convention, but look out for a pennant winner. We are burning oil—nowadays. That means less smoke and more speed."

singular and Josephus in the plural of literary powers in recording historical events.

For eight shining years Secretary of the Navy and the newspaper member of President Wilson's Cabinet, Josephus Daniels is logically the man to chronicle the events of those memorable times. Instinctively as a writer, he gathered material and impressions during those days that would make him the inevitable biographer of his Chief.

Whatever else may be said of Josephus Daniels, he did one thing for the Navy—he established prohibition in his department, long before it came to the country, in the spirit of a Prophet. This act required courage to withstand the sneers and jibes, but ever since the day of his birth at Washington, North Carolina, in 1862, during the Civil War time, there has been a feeling that he possessed a stiff backbone.

Educated in the Wilson Collegiate Institute, at the age of eighteen he became editor of the Wilson, North Carolina *Advance*—and that title has been his life slogan. Five years later he found himself a full-fledged member of the Bar, and while he did not practice, he has never ceased his study of law. As State printer and later chief clerk of the Interior Department during the Cleveland administration, he continued in the atmosphere of statutes made, and in the making.

Beginning as editor of the Raleigh, North Carolina, *Chronicle*, he eventuated as an influential editor of the *News and Observer*. His paper was the bible for North Carolina readers. They believed in Josephus and in what he wrote and said.

Politics is more than a pastime in the "Tar Heel State," and Josephus Daniels soon became a state leader and later prominent in national affairs of his party. The Democratic National Committee gave him charge of publicity in several strenuous campaigns and his advance came in the natural way of merited promotion.

A member of his own family, Lieutenant Bagley, a brother of Mrs. Daniels, was the only fatality in action that occurred in the Navy during the Spanish-American War. The traditions of the Navy were associated with the family of Mrs. Daniels and this is accounted one reason for his choice to take the Navy portfolio in the Wilson Cabinet.

In the Navy Department Josephus Daniels met emergencies coming thick and fast in the same manner as when he sat in the editorial chair. His facile pencil and pen was the last word on many an important order affecting the welfare of millions. Rushing supplies overseas and providing destroyers as convoys to protect the two million soldiers who embarked will stand out as an unparalleled achievement in the annals of history—showing what the Navy accomplished during the World War.

In appearance Josephus Daniels is of sturdy build and carries his head forward and a little to starboard. Smooth faced, he talks quickly and decisively, with "bridge" emphasis. With searching, kindly eyes, he indulges his sense of humor.

"We sailed up Salt Creek fast and furious in 1920, but we are finding that the tide ebbs and flows, and look out for the old Democratic craft reaching port in 1924."

"Who will be nominated?" I asked.

"There may be fifteen likely candidates start in the race at Madison Square convention, but look out for a pennant winner."

"What will be the issue?" I whispered.

"We are burning oil—nowadays. That means less smoke and more speed," he replied with a Josephus twinkle.

A

Elbert Hubbard—the "Fra" of East Aurora

The recurring May 7th, anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, recalls the late Elbert Hubbard and a scene on a railroad train.

"When I can't remember a man's name, I just say, 'You are doing a great work'—that is all that is necessary—we're soon acquainted. Everyone thinks they are doing some great work—they know it."

Elbert Hubbard had been looking out of the car window, with his dark eyes glowing in reflection. He had suddenly turned to me with that



ELBERT HUBBARD said: "When I can't remember a man's name, I just say: 'You are doing a great work.' People are usually interested in themselves."

comment and in a soft, mellow voice, with just a tinge of cynicism, he continued:

"People are usually interested in themselves. I have autographed more books than 'Bill' Shakespeare—a delightful pastime to keep writ-

ing your name for other people—and incidentally keep the cash register ringing and pay roll going."

"What was your first book?"

"It was entitled 'No Enemy But Myself.' This was written after I had my intellectual awakening," he answered, showing his handsome teeth in a smile at himself.

"After I retired from the soap business and had a little money, I felt useless and went down to East Aurora and did a little dreaming. A little while later it crystallized into an idea—a print shop in the form of a church."

At this time Elbert Hubbard was in his prime, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, long black hair, and a flowing black tie and a smile varied now and then with a little suggested cynical curve of his lip. He was a slow, methodical writer, always writing his "stuff" on yellow paper, and he preserved much of the original copy.

He loved to visit with folks. His writings were read the world over and were an intellectual tonic. When he had finished "A Message to Garcia," printed first in the *Philistine*, he did not realize that he had written an essay classic that would be read by millions. George H. Daniels, Passenger Agent of the New York Central, the source of many free passes to editors, had it reprinted and reprinted until everyone seemed to get the message.

One day while sitting on a log in the pasture, Elbert Hubbard turned to me with his eyes glistening in the moonlight.

"Joe, do you think you could say a kind word for the Fra if you should outlive me?" And I am fulfilling a promise.

Before he left on that last fateful journey on the *Lusitania*, he put his arm on my shoulder one night and said:

"I want you to go down with me and see my mother."

"It is late; it is past ten."

"Never mind, come on down."

We went into the cottage and he turned on the little electric light. The little mother sat up in bed, with the night-cap on her head, and exclaimed:

"Why, Elbert, what's the matter?"

"Oh nothing, mother. I have been living almost next door for twenty-one years, and I never thought of such a thing as kissing you good-night."

He stooped and kissed her, and with her little arms around his great, broad shoulders, she cried out: "My baby has come back!"

My eyes grow misty thinking of that scene.

Leaving East Aurora for the last time he heard the echo of a song from Roycrofters at the Inn: "God be with you until we meet again." A few weeks later he found a tomb in the fathomless deep. No grassy mound, no urn in which to place his ashes, but the flowers of remembrance come to Elbert Hubbard, as he would have wished, because of what he did for others.

A

Adolph Ochs—the Premier of the Fourth Estate

From the summit of Lookout Mountain, Adolph Ochs, then a young editor at Chattanooga, first announced to me his dreams of going to New York.

The dreams of Adolph Ochs have been more than fulfilled. His ideals of a newspaper have never swerved from those that were nurtured in the city nestling in the loop of the Tennessee River. Today Adolph Ochs is a premier of the Fourth Estate.

Born on the banks of the Ohio River, in a city called Cincinnati, about three years before Fort Sumter was fired on, Adolph Ochs after the peace of Appomattox moved with his parents to Knoxville, Tennessee. These were hard-tack



ADOLPH OCHS says: "I began this morning. Every new day is the real beginning time."

days and young Adolph at the age of eleven arose at four o'clock in the morning to deliver the Knoxville *Chronicle*. His father had paid fifty dollars for tuition at an advanced school, but self-reliant young Adolph insisted that he wanted to go to work and the money was refunded.

Beginning as a printer's devil, Adolph Ochs distributed pi, cleaned rollers and was on hand at six o'clock with the broom. He fed press, folded forms, and it was a proud moment when he was permitted to size up the local column. Leaving at the age of seventeen for new fields, his boss, William Rule, gave him a letter of recommendation which he prizes even more than the letters he has received from presidents and statesmen. The letter says in part: "I have found him honest, zealous, reliable and trustworthy, quick to comprehend and faithful to execute whatever he may be entrusted with, endowed with intellect capable of reaching the highest point in mental achievement—a very meritorious young man." What more could be said of a boy starting in life? And achievement is but the logical result.

Operating a job printing office in Louisville, Adolph Ochs was taken from there by a friend to help establish the Chattanooga *Daily Dispatch*. This paper failed and young Ochs was made its receiver. Arranging a consolidation with the rival paper, the *Times*, he gained control with no capital except his character and brains. This was accomplished before his twentieth birthday, and for forty years he has continued to be its owner—a source of pride and joy, second only to his New York *Times*, which began with the slogan "all the news that's fit to print."

When Adolph Ochs came to New York in 1876, he found the mighty New York *Times* of Henry Raymond in the throes of bankruptcy. Grappling with the situation, his results speak for themselves. He paid back every dollar of indebtedness of the old company and today the New York *Times* does seven million dollars' worth of business a year—an evolution of the little Chattanooga *Times* of '78, with a hand press and a circulation of 250 copies.

Today Mr. Ochs is a sturdy, well-built, active

man in his sixties, with an impressive face that lights up in conversation. Speaking quickly and decisively, there is never any doubt as to what he thinks.

As I chatted with him in his office there was a dreamy look in his eyes as he remarked:

"Why is it that more people don't succeed? After all, it is so simple—not a matter of genius or abnormal ability—simply forging ahead with a fixed purpose in life and bending every energy to fulfill it. Remember the fundamental virtues that good mothers teach us early in life, and it is almost as simple as a mathematical equation. Hard work, intelligence, enthusiasm, self-reliance, honesty—these words are all in the dictionary. I've often wondered why we don't take the dictionary and study the meaning of the words we use so frequently and get the full significance of the definitions."

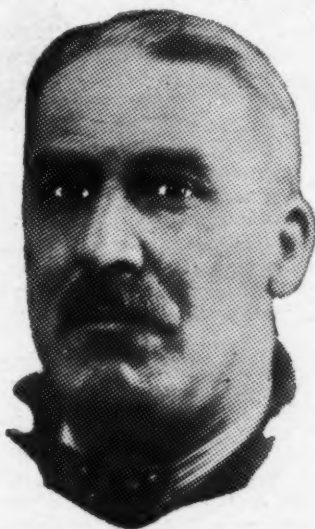
At the gathering of the Associated Press Convention in New York, Adolph Ochs was pointed out as an outstanding success. At this meeting, while receiving congratulations, someone remarked to him: "You began with the *Times* twenty-five years ago, didn't you?" To which he replied, "No, I began this morning. Every new day is the real beginning time."

Δ

Howard Carter—the Man Who Turned Back the Pages of History 3300 years

A most dramatic event occurred in Egypt, on November 4th, 1922. In the vicinity of Luxor, a place where the governmental Department of Antiquities is very important, an Egyptian King by the name of Tut-Ankh-Amen made a re-entry into civilization. The attention of the entire world was focused upon him and his works. The pages of history were turned back just 3,300 years.

Howard Carter, with the late Earl of Carnarvon, is the man directly responsible for this, the most important archeological event of our times.



HOWARD CARTER says: "Lord Carnarvon's death is responsible for the report that the Pharaohs left a deadly curse. This of course is not true."

A few days ago this distinguished Egyptologist arrived in America by the way of New York City. In company with Lee Keedick, one who has introduced to the United States many celebrated people whose accomplishments have been

great, I sought him out in his suite at The Waldorf-Astoria. I found him a quiet, soft-spoken, unobtrusive man, medium in height, high forehead, bushy eyebrows, black searching eyes, of rather large features and wearing a dark, closely cropped mustache. In dress, he was decidedly English, which was somewhat surprising to me as the report had been circulated that Howard Carter, which admittedly is American sounding in name, was a citizen of the United States.

"I would be very glad to claim that honor were it true. This impression was gained probably by reason of the fact that I appealed to Americans for aid. The representatives of your Metropolitan Museum joined us and rendered very great assistance," he commented.

Very little conversation was necessary to correct this impression, for his broad pronunciation and slow English drawl stamps him immediately. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carter was born in Swaffham, Norfolk, England, in 1870. His inclination to probe among the rocks and ruins of the Old World was acquired, rather than inherited, for his father was a noted animal painter, and as a young man he also took up painting, but his health failed him and in the hope he might regain his strength he joined an English archeological survey.

"Lord Carnarvon's death was responsible for the report that the Pharaohs left a deadly curse upon those who would enter their tombs. This, of course, is not true. It is wholly superstition, as I have been very healthy at all times with the possible exception of a headache or bites from insects or flies."

I found Mr. Carter saying Tut-Ankh-Amen, pronouncing Tut-Ankh-Amen as "Toot-Ank-Amond," which completely shook me loose from my Tut-Tut version. However, I found myself unable to grasp his "La-bor'-atory." So on this score I will divide fifty-fifty with him.

It is interesting to note the walking sticks of King Tut, of which there are several designs. One in particular was very noticeable, it being exceptionally carved at the part held by the hand, which contained two figures, one of an African, the other of an Asiatic, apparently Semetic, both symbolic of captives. Can it be that King Tut-Ankh-Amen was the original Ku-Kluxer?

Howard Carter has added to human history yet unwritten, and it is intensely interesting dramatic history. It is the greatest since the Rosetta stone was found at the Delta of the Nile, which enabled the reading of the hieroglyphics. His own work has shown us the true archeologist whom some see as a colorless personality, when as a matter of fact the archeologist is the world's real he-man. He risks his life, penetrating aqueducts and entering unknown passages, doing unbelievable things in fighting with savage animals, and risky fevers, and exploring the dark places of the earth—all for the sake of the knowledge of humans before history began.

Δ

Anna Pavlowa—the World's Greatest Dancer

The scene is at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. The Golden Horseshoe glitters like the Caruso nights at the opera. Why shouldn't it? It is a night when Pavlowa dances, and what Caruso was as a great singer, Pavlowa is as a dancer. The orchestra is playing the music of Saint-Saens. Wonderful music, however, it might still be on the shelf but Fokine made it into a dance for Anna Pavlowa. Now "The Swan" is famous.

The audience watched her every movement and she held them in great tension with her rare artistry. Lower and lower "The Swan" drooped unto death, and the curtains closed together. A visible relief seemed to come over the audience.



ANNA PAVLOWA says: "A true artist must always sacrifice herself to her art."

If for no other creation, Pavlowa well deserves the distinction—the dancing genius of the world.

It is no wonder that every pupil of the dance is inspired to want to do "The Swan" after seeing Pavlowa.

Behind the scenes, I watched Anna Pavlowa dance. It was not the experience of seeing the temperamental artist, for with the many years she has held her wonderful success, she still remains the same unspoiled personality, entering into her art with youthful enthusiasm which gives attention and understanding to each member of her company.

With not a wrinkle to be seen in her face, she is a remarkable example of glowing health and undiminished virility.

"It is because I love to dance that I am so young," she commented.

Pavlowa is of true Russian type. The dark hair closely arranged about her head accentuates the sharp lines of her finely chiselled oval face.

She entered the Imperial Theatre of Russia, and as she describes in her own words:

"I lived with my mother in a little apartment in Petrograd, and there comes to my mind my first memories. I was only a child when we found ourselves alone in the world, my father having died when I was but two years old. My mother was a woman of great piety. We were poor—very poor."

"At sixteen I left school and soon after obtained the right to be called *Premiere Danseuse*, the official title in our theatres. Later on, I earned that of 'Ballerine.' My Paris and London engagements were followed in 1910, by an American tour in which I danced with the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and naturally I was enchanted by the reception accorded me by Americans."

Pavlowa has appeared in every country in the world and everywhere she is exceedingly popular—it is the same in Russia, Japan, Poland, China, England, Egypt, Spain and Mexico as in America. In every nation she makes herself in spirit a part of that country and creates her dances which interpret their dominant characteristic.

In Mexico she created the "China Poblana," the real Mexican folk dance, and when she danced for the last time in the enormous bull-

ring in Mexico City, there were thirty thousand people present and an overflow of almost as many.

Every day Pavlowa practices. Always an early riser, she eats a light breakfast, usually eggs, bread and tea. She seldom eats meat, although she does not deny herself if she feels inclined. She is fond of salads, fruits and greens. After breakfast she practices for about an hour and a half to keep strong and in good form, after which she rehearses with the company as a whole. Punctually at one o'clock, she eats a light luncheon. From two to four, any business appointments which she may have are attended to, and from four to five thirty she keeps private, usually for friends, after which she always reserves one hour for absolute relaxation, during which time she usually sleeps. At six thirty she has what she calls a short limbering up period for the hour just previous to the performance. After the performance, she invariably goes home, rarely accepting invitations. Here she takes a light supper. She never sleeps for more than eight hours.

Her husband, a man of very fine character, has always travelled with her—in fact, he is indispensable as he looks after all her business matters. Her mother is still living in the old Petrograd cottage, though Anna Pavlowa has not seen her since last summer in Paris.

"A true artist must always sacrifice herself to her art," says Anna Pavlowa—and she has.

A

Melville Stone—the Father of the Associated Press

Presidents have repeatedly bowed before and paid their tribute to the Associated Press as a great collective power of the Fourth Estate which Edmund Burke named as one of the potent engines of progress. When President Coolidge paid his recent tribute to the newspaper craft, he turned to Melville E. Stone, the Nestor of the Associated Press, and said: "Melville Stone is the ambassador of the press to the people."

The biography of Melville Stone reads like



MELVILLE STONE says: "Radio will never supplant newspapers. The newspaper is becoming more and more a part of the life of the people."

the story of an eminent statesman. It touches more high points of history than that of any other private citizen of America now living.

During the very month that Lincoln was nominated for President in Chicago, the Rever-

end Elijah Stone received a call to Chicago, where young Melville "grew up." Graduating from the high school, he established a reputation as a self-reliant, ambitious lad. Although he now has degrees from Yale and Wesleyan, Melville Stone's prize diploma is that from the Chicago High School. Before completing his course, he was a reporter on the Chicago *Tribune*—earning while learning. After graduating, he started a foundry and machine shop, which was well under way to make him a steel magnate, when the fire of 1871 left him with an asset of ashes and no insurance.

Finding that iron foundries would burn, Melville Stone decided to return to the newspaper business. On Christmas Day, 1875, an important event occurred in American journalism. The first issue of the Chicago *Daily News* appeared, and his partner was Victor Lawson, the present owner. The *Daily News* was one of the first penny papers in the country and one of the first to introduce features. A complete story, occupying just a column, appeared every day. It was a real wholesome thriller of love, adventure and mystery. The news column items were graphic and succinct, because there were only four pages.

The penny newspaper jumped forward by leaps and bounds, and Melville Stone had other ambitions, but his health gave way. Selling his entire interest to Mr. Lawson in 1888, he spent three years in Europe recuperating. During this time he was observing and thinking about an associated press which might cover the whole world as its field.

During the World's Fair, right in the teeth of the panic, Melville Stone became general manager of the Associated Press. Picking up the threads, he began to weave a service which has made the Associated Press a supreme word in the gathering of world news. For nearly thirty years he concentrated on his conception of an impartial and accurate news service. Upon retiring from the Associated Press he was made counsellor—a fitting title for one who had so much to do with the fortunes of the organization.

Although seventy-two years of age, Melville Stone is still an alert and active influence in the Associated Press. Not content with receiving honors, he keeps on with his work. A thin, spare man with clean-cut features, he has been taken as a double for James Whitcomb Riley. He is always ready for any situation with epigrammatic comment. Said he:

"It is splendid to write an article just as if you were telegraphing it at ten cents a word. It encourages brevity. Radio will never supplant newspapers. When you read something, you can re-read it, but the spoken word is lost and soon forgotten. That is why the Gutenberg invention still remains pre-eminent in the progress of the world. The newspaper is becoming more and more a part of the life of the people. Five and six editions a day are needed to keep pace with the demand for information. The newspaper is the window through which passing events are viewed."

A composite citizen of the world—Melville Stone—a newspaper man first; a statesman because of his journalistic genius; an industrial leader because he has paid foundry payrolls and knows the busy roar of the machine shop; a financier because he has been a director in large banking institutions; an idealist because he has never swerved from the principles of a Christian home. In his day and generation he has been a prophet worthy of the name Elijah—that's his middle name and it's news to most people.

Elsie Janis—"The Lady of a Million Laughs"

Called the "lady of a million laughs," Elsie Janis has done much more than make people laugh—making people happy is the main objective of her life. In the bloom of her success she became the patron saint of the American Legion



ELSIE JANIS says: "My ideas have always been so broad that most of my friends wear shock absorbers."

and the doughboys overseas. That is why the doughboys would go far these days just to see and hear Elsie Janis.

With the distinction of being born in Columbus, Ohio, she insists she is not a candidate for President. Her first appearance on the stage was as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a little winsome black-eyed lass who received the glowing tribute of a President in the White House.

Wherever she appears her personality shines out, for Elsie Janis is more than an actress. She is an author, a student of public life, a poet—one who would make a success should she choose to run for Congress. She knows how to win favor and to please people. Her sense of humor was tried out overseas. Once when trying to sing with a husky throat she asked the boys what she should do.

"Get a lemon, Elsie."

"All right, come right up," was Elsie's quick retort.

Of the thousands of homesick doughboys in France who heard Elsie Janis sing, none who survived the conflict will ever forget her, and there are many homesick Americans today, even in the crowded cities, come within the radiance of an Elsie Janis performance that makes them feel right at home.

The poem "Blind," which she wrote during the war, has taken its place among war literature. Inimitable in imitation, she removes a few hairpins, fluffs her hair, and then, whether it is an imitation of George Cohan or other celebrity, there is always something gentle and sympathetic in her impersonations. Quick, alert in mind, tender hearted, with vivacious beauty, and a keen understanding of human nature, she is the apotheosis of the girl of dreams. Her spirit of gladness is like a sunbeam trail across the waters; it echoes to the laughter and memory of her voice and shining animation in her spirit. After all, what is there except personality?

Elsie Janis makes her audience feel, in the very way she lifts them beyond themselves, the gaiety, the impulse of her own life. Everyone in the audience feels that they are the particular person being entertained. The simplicity and the uni-

Continued on page 133

Tickleweed and Feathers

by FLYNN WAYNE

THEY DON'T ALWAYS PAY

"Why are you so opposed to our daughter marrying such a promising young man?"

"Because a promising young man is not always a paying investment."

JUSTIFIABLE

"Was Hamlet mad?" I cannot say.
But this much may be stated:
He would be, could he see the way
Some of our modern actors play
The part that he created.



TEMPER—AN AVIATION EXERCISE

Those who "go up in the air" generally "light" on somebody. Wrath makes a good flying machine.

Brown—I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary.

Simmons—He did, but I wouldn't accept the position because I should have to sign everything Green, per Simmons.

BAD FOR ACTORS

"I am thinking of touring in South Africa next season," remarked the comedian.

"Take my advice and don't," replied the villain. "An ostrich egg weighs from two to three pounds."

"And," concluded the Sunday School teacher, "if you are a good boy, Tommy, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

"Not much," said Tommy. "I had one of them things put on a tooth oncet."

Miss M. is active, so they say,
In helping the Y. M. C. A.

At fair and church, with purse and pen,
She preaches "saving our young men."

"She's trying," says one saucy elf.

"To save one young man for herself."

The clergyman of a small town had a fine orchard and one night it was robbed, the only clew left being the robber's finger-print on an overripe peach. The minister had an enormous photographic enlargement of the finger-print made, and, with it under his arm, accosted the man he suspected.

"Pete," he said, "some one robbed my orchard last night."

Pete gulped nervously. "Is that so, sir?" he said.

"Yes, Pete, that's so," replied the minister, "but the thief left his mark behind him and I shall easily find him."

"Yes, sir," said Pete huskily.

"Yes, Do you see this, Pete?" and the minister held up the huge enlargement of the finger-print.

Pete made a gesture of despair. "I see there ain't no use denying it, Parson," he said. "I done it. But I sure would like to know where you got that impression of my corduroy pants."

AT THE MOVIES

She was well over eighty years of age, and for the first time in her life she had been taken to a moving picture theater. As she came out a friend met her in the vestibule.

"Hope you enjoyed yourself, Mrs. Smith," she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the old dame, "I did, but I'm getting that deaf nowadays I couldn't hear a word they said."

The candidate for the position of locomotive fireman had studied the impressive figures showing the aggregate loss to the company each year resulting from careless firing and waste of coal and oil. The first question put to him in the verbal examination was what he would do if he found his freight train confronted by an oncoming passenger train.

He hesitated only a moment, then replied: "I'd grab a lump of coal in one hand, the oil-can in the other and jump for my life."



THE PROBLEM PLAY

Writers of problem plays have gone to the dogs, while the public sniffs the pages of the popular book or magazine for the familiar scent.

EASY FOR BROOKS

"Young Brooks is relieved of one trouble, anyhow."

"What's that?"

"He won't have to lie about his salary to the girl, he's going to marry. He works for her father."



STRENUOUS WORLD'S WORK

Our young hopeful came running into the house. His suit was dusty, and there was a bump on his small brow, but a gleam was in his eye, and he held out a baby tooth.

"How did you pull it?" demanded his mother.

"Oh," he said bravely, "it was easy enough. I just fell down, and the whole world came up and pushed it out."

"Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he gave you that black eye?" asked the magistrate.

"Sure, your honor, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he gave me the black eye," replied the complaining wife.

NEW PREACHER IS A WONDER

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darkey what he thought of the new minister.

"Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM IT

Arthur and Evangelina were climbing the highest peak of the Alps, and she stood above him some twenty feet.

"What," he gasped—"what do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long

white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us."

POSSIBLY

Customer—I think this meat is spoiled.
Meat Market Proprietor—Perhaps so, mum, but that meat came from a prize lamb, and it may have been petted too much.

It happened in front of the village post-office.

An old farmer was holding his frightened team while an automobile rushed by.

"Queer how horses are so skeered of them things," said one of the loafers.

"Queer?" grumbled the farmer. "What would you do if you should see my pants coming down the street with nothing in them?"



PREPARING FOR THE WORST

Dyspeptic Diner (who has eaten quite heartily)—Waiter, you can bring me another helping of lobster Newburg, and then ring up Main 62404 for my doctor.

A WHOPPER

He was a modest angler. Silently he had listened to the campers tell of the big ones they had caught, some of them tremendous fellows. Then by and by they asked him if he had distinguished himself that day by the taking of one worth mentioning.

"Only one," he said. "And the river fell six inches when I landed him."

Whereupon the symposium adjourned to the bunk.

QUITE A CONVENIENCE

Bill—I'm takin' up a collection to build him a monument.

Joe—Who?

Bill—De inventor of the vacuum cleaner; think of gettin' spruced up without water!"

SMALL QUARTERS

"What's the matter with this elevator?" asked the nervous man. "You keep trying to run it through the roof."

"You'll have to excuse me," replied the operator. "I'm not used to one of these little twenty-story buildings."

VERY MUCH PUT OUT

He kindled the flame of desire,
Of this there wasn't a doubt,
But she "poured cold water upon it,"
And he felt very much "put out."



TIME FOR A CHANGE

When you find yourself "all at sea" it's time to anchor for a change in the tide.

TOO LATE

"What are you wearing that thing for?" asked Mrs. Swallow, when her husband came home with a band of crepe around his hat.

"For your first husband," replied Mr. Swallow. "I'm sorry he died."

THEY NEEDN'T WAIT

A young girl, fresh from the country, was employed by an English mistress as maid. They were about retiring for the night when she explained to Bridget:

"We generally have breakfast about eight o'clock."

Bridget, looking at mistress in an amusing way, with candlestick turned sideways in hand, grease dropping on the carpet, said:

"All right, if I'm not down, don't wait."

FREEZING THE DOG.

An Irishman, having gone out in his night-gown a bitter cold night to stop the howling of a dog, was found by his wife almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Howly murder, Mike," says she, "what would ye be after doin'?"

"Tush," said Mike. "Don't ye see Oi'm tryin' to fraze the baste?"



SILENCE IS GOLDEN

That which is left unsaid is sometimes the most eloquent.

GOOD AT RAISING SOMETHING

"I wish that you would raise something."

The farmer started to explain;
His son looked up: "I thought you said
That I was always raising cain."

AN INDIAN SIGN

And still she stands with outstretched hands

Her cold, pale lips are dumb,

O sightless girl of speech bereft,

Will succor never come?

Will no one heed thy pleadings mute?

Is Christian kindness dead?

In gain of pleasure's mad pursuit

None heed the downcast head.

Ah! here is help. From open door

Comes forth the man of sin;

The clerk of the tobacco store

Runs out and wheels her in.

HER IDEA OF IT

A little girl, when asked by her teacher to distinguish between the human and the animal families, replied:

"A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

IT DEPENDS ON THE APPETITE

Stout Lady (watching the lions being fed)
—"Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for sech a big animal."

Attendant (with show of politeness)—"I s'pose it does seem like a little meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."



SUITS

The preacher gives us prayers

The lawyer gives us wits,

The doctor gives us medicine

But the tailor gives us fits.

MADE A HIT

Teacher—"How nicely Johnnie recites 'Woodman Spare that Tree!'"

Superintendent—"Yes, he even shakes like a leaf."

DID HE COUNT HIMSELF

"Don't you want to put in a talking machine for the amusement of your customers?" asked the agent.

"What would I do with another one? Haven't I got four talking machines here already?" replied the barber, with a gesture in the direction of his assistants.

DISSATISFACTION

"Are you still talking about your income tax?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Williams. "I can't get my mind off it. It's sure to cause dissatisfaction. I'm resentful because I have to pay so much and yet I'm sorry my assessment isn't larger."

The Man in the Chair

Continued from page 108

that they play for all of us and they play together. It is team work on the stage. There is no looking aside at the audience as if to say, "Didn't I do it?"

The audience moves forward in their chairs when Tom Griswold enters, thinking "Can that be William Hodge?" The sandy hair of his youth has grown long and is powdered gray. Every motion reveals the life-long study he has made of the working man, for Tom Griswold is, without any doubt, the most wonderful presentation of the working man on the stage that has ever been known in history. Every movement from the knarled hands and knuckles indicates the study of the infinitesimal details that has contributed to the success of William Hodge. The daughter with the detective, the doctor, every character just artfully blends, and in Joie, who afterwards proves to be Jerry, the daughter of Griswold, is found a sweet and wholesome character.

Without tragic wail or pathos she wins the hearts of the audience with just the same spirit of the father. The background is of present life. Crime, after all, seems to have been necessary to have thrown out the light and beauty of the closing scenes.

The curtain does not fall on the usual lovers' embrace and living happy ever after, but upon the glorification of filial devotion—the meeting of father and daughter and the memory of the mother and the little round picture. It is a love scene in the truest sense of the word, revealing after all that all real, enduring love has in it the elements of paternal and maternal devotion.

Affairs and Folks

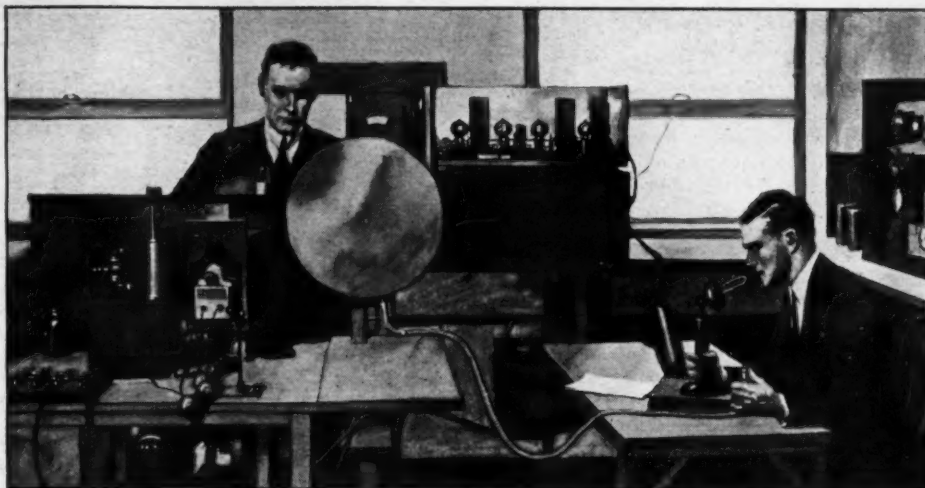
Continued from page 120

which their father graduated, and where they themselves took their first year of college work.

Busy on his farm, Mr. Frazier took time to study marketing conditions, and noted that too often at the close of the year the average farmer struck a balance on the wrong side of the ledger. A close student of farm economics, he felt that the farmers must protect themselves through political action as other industries do, if they were long to survive. Early in the life of the movement, he joined the Nonpartisan League, hoping only to assist in bettering conditions, and with no thought that he himself was destined to become prominent in the great farm organization.

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ring in Mexico City, there were thirty thousand people present and an overflow of almost as many.

Every day Pavlowa practices. Always an early riser, she eats a light breakfast, usually eggs, bread and tea. She seldom eats meat, although she does not deny herself if she feels inclined. She is fond of salads, fruits and greens. After breakfast she practices for about an hour and a half to keep strong and in good form, after which she rehearses with the company as a whole. Punctually at one o'clock, she eats a light luncheon. From two to four, any business appointments which she may have are attended to, and from four to five thirty she keeps private, usually for friends, after which she always reserves one hour for absolute relaxation, during which time she usually sleeps. At six thirty she has what she calls a short limbering up period for the hour just previous to the performance. After the performance, she invariably goes home, rarely accepting invitations. Here she takes a light supper. She never sleeps for more than eight hours.

Her husband, a man of very fine character, has always travelled with her—in fact, he is indispensable as he looks after all her business matters. Her mother is still living in the old Petrograd cottage, though Anna Pavlowa has not seen her since last summer in Paris.

"A true artist must always sacrifice herself to her art," says Anna Pavlowa—and she has.

Δ

Melville Stone—the Father of the Associated Press

Presidents have repeatedly bowed before and paid their tribute to the Associated Press as a great collective power of the Fourth Estate which Edmund Burke named as one of the potent engines of progress. When President Coolidge paid his recent tribute to the newspaper craft, he turned to Melville E. Stone, the Nestor of the Associated Press, and said: "Melville Stone is the ambassador of the press to the people."

The biography of Melville Stone reads like



MELVILLE STONE says: "Radio will never supplant newspapers. The newspaper is becoming more and more a part of the life of the people."

the story of an eminent statesman. It touches more high points of history than that of any other private citizen of America now living.

During the very month that Lincoln was nominated for President in Chicago, the Rever-

end Elijah Stone received a call to Chicago, where young Melville "grew up." Graduating from the high school, he established a reputation as a self-reliant, ambitious lad. Although he now has degrees from Yale and Wesleyan, Melville Stone's prize diploma is that from the Chicago High School. Before completing his course, he was a reporter on the Chicago *Tribune*—earning while learning. After graduating, he started a foundry and machine shop, which was well under way to make him a steel magnate, when the fire of 1871 left him with an asset of ashes and no insurance.

Finding that iron foundries would burn, Melville Stone decided to return to the newspaper business. On Christmas Day, 1875, an important event occurred in American journalism. The first issue of the Chicago *Daily News* appeared, and his partner was Victor Lawson, the present owner. The *Daily News* was one of the first penny papers in the country and one of the first to introduce features. A complete story, occupying just a column, appeared every day. It was a real wholesome thriller of love, adventure and mystery. The news column items were graphic and succinct, because there were only four pages.

The penny newspaper jumped forward by leaps and bounds, and Melville Stone had other ambitions, but his health gave way. Selling his entire interest to Mr. Lawson in 1888, he spent three years in Europe recuperating. During this time he was observing and thinking about an associated press which might cover the whole world as its field.

During the World's Fair, right in the teeth of the panic, Melville Stone became general manager of the Associated Press. Picking up the threads, he began to weave a service which has made the Associated Press a supreme word in the gathering of world news. For nearly thirty years he concentrated on his conception of an impartial and accurate news service. Upon retiring from the Associated Press he was made counsellor—a fitting title for one who had so much to do with the fortunes of the organization.

Although seventy-two years of age, Melville Stone is still an alert and active influence in the Associated Press. Not content with receiving honors, he keeps on with his work. A thin, spare man with clean-cut features, he has been taken as a double for James Whitcomb Riley. He is always ready for any situation with epigrammatic comment. Said he:

"It is splendid to write an article just as if you were telegraphing it at ten cents a word. It encourages brevity. Radio will never supplant newspapers. When you read something, you can re-read it, but the spoken word is lost and soon forgotten. That is why the Gutenberg invention still remains pre-eminent in the progress of the world. The newspaper is becoming more and more a part of the life of the people. Five and six editions a day are needed to keep pace with the demand for information. The newspaper is the window through which passing events are viewed."

A composite citizen of the world—Melville Stone—a newspaper man first; a statesman because of his journalistic genius; an industrial leader because he has paid foundry payrolls and knows the busy roar of the machine shop; a financier because he has been a director in large banking institutions; an idealist because he has never swerved from the principles of a Christian home. In his day and generation he has been a prophet worthy of the name Elijah—that's his middle name and it's news to most people.

Elsie Janis—"The Lady of a Million Laughs"

Called the "lady of a million laughs," Elsie Janis has done much more than make people laugh—making people happy is the main objective of her life. In the bloom of her success she became the patron saint of the American Legion



ELSIE JANIS says: "My ideas have always been so broad that most of my friends wear shock absorbers."

and the doughboys overseas. That is why the doughboys would go far these days just to see and hear Elsie Janis.

With the distinction of being born in Columbus, Ohio, she insists she is not a candidate for President. Her first appearance on the stage was as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a little winsome black-eyed lass who received the glowing tribute of a President in the White House.

Wherever she appears her personality shines out, for Elsie Janis is more than an actress. She is an author, a student of public life, a poet—one who would make a success should she choose to run for Congress. She knows how to win favor and to please people. Her sense of humor was tried out overseas. Once when trying to sing with a husky throat she asked the boys what she should do.

"Get a lemon, Elsie."

"All right, come right up," was Elsie's quick retort.

Of the thousands of homesick doughboys in France who heard Elsie Janis sing, none who survived the conflict will ever forget her, and there are many homesick Americans today, even in the crowded cities, come within the radiance of an Elsie Janis performance that makes them feel right at home.

The poem "Blind," which she wrote during the war, has taken its place among war literature. Inimitable in imitation, she removes a few hairpins, fluffs her hair, and then, whether it is an imitation of George Cohan or other celebrity, there is always something gentle and sympathetic in her impersonations. Quick, alert in mind, tender hearted, with vivacious beauty, and a keen understanding of human nature, she is the apotheosis of the girl of dreams. Her spirit of gladness is like a sunbeam trail across the waters; it echoes to the laughter and memory of her voice and shining animation in her spirit. After all, what is there except personality?

Elsie Janis makes her audience feel, in the very way she lifts them beyond themselves, the gaiety, the impulse of her own life. Everyone in the audience feels that they are the particular person being entertained. The simplicity and the uni-

Continued on page 133

Tickleweed and Feathers

by FLYNN WAYNE

THEY DON'T ALWAYS PAY

"Why are you so opposed to our daughter marrying such a promising young man?"

"Because a promising young man is not always a paying investment."

JUSTIFIABLE

"Was Hamlet mad?" I cannot say. But this much may be stated: He would be, could he see the way Some of our modern actors play The part that he created.



TEMPER—AN AVIATION EXERCISE

Those who "go up in the air" generally "light" on somebody. Wrath makes a good flying machine.

Brown—I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary.

Simmons—He did, but I wouldn't accept the position because I should have to sign everything Green, per Simmons.

BAD FOR ACTORS

"I am thinking of touring in South Africa next season," remarked the comedian.

"Take my advice and don't," replied the villain. "An ostrich egg weighs from two to three pounds."

"And," concluded the Sunday School teacher, "if you are a good boy, Tommy, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

"Not much," said Tommy. "I had one of them things put on a tooth once."

Miss M. is active, so they say. In helping the Y. M. C. A. At fair and church, with purse and pen, She preaches "saving our young men." "She's trying," says one saucy elf. "To save one young man for herself."

The clergyman of a small town had a fine orchard and one night it was robbed, the only clew left being the robber's finger-print on an overripe peach. The minister had an enormous photographic enlargement of the finger-print made, and, with it under his arm, accosted the man he suspected.

"Pete," he said, "some one robbed my orchard last night."

Pete gulped nervously. "Is that so, sir?" he said.

"Yes, Pete, that's so," replied the minister, "but the thief left his mark behind him and I shall easily find him."

"Yes, sir," said Pete huskily.

"Yes, Do you see this, Pete?" and the minister held up the huge enlargement of the finger-print.

Pete made a gesture of despair. "I see there ain't no use denying it, Parson," he said. "I done it. But I sure would like to know where you got that impression of my corduroy pants."

AT THE MOVIES

She was well over eighty years of age, and for the first time in her life she had been taken to a moving picture theater. As she came out a friend met her in the vestibule.

"Hope you enjoyed yourself, Mrs. Smith," she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the old dame, "I did, but I'm getting that deaf nowadays I couldn't hear a word they said."

The candidate for the position of locomotive fireman had studied the impressive figures showing the aggregate loss to the company each year resulting from careless firing and waste of coal and oil. The first question put to him in the verbal examination was what he would do if he found his freight train confronted by an oncoming passenger train.

He hesitated only a moment, then replied: "I'd grab a lump of coal in one hand, the oil-can in the other and jump for my life."



THE PROBLEM PLAY

Writers of problem plays have gone to the dogs, while the public sniffs the pages of the popular book or magazine for the familiar scent.

EASY FOR BROOKS

"Young Brooks is relieved of one trouble, anyhow."

"What's that?"

"He won't have to lie about his salary to the girl he's going to marry. He works for her father."



STRENUOUS WORLD'S WORK

Our young hopeful came running into the house. His suit was dusty, and there was a bump on his small brow, but a gleam was in his eye, and he held out a baby tooth.

"How did you pull it?" demanded his mother.

"Oh," he said bravely, "it was easy enough. I just fell down, and the whole world came up and pushed it out."

"Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he gave you that black eye?" asked the magistrate.

"Sure, your honor, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he gave me the black eye," replied the complaining wife.

NEW PREACHER IS A WONDER

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darkey what he thought of the new minister.

"Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM IT

Arthur and Evangelina were climbing the highest peak of the Alps, and she stood above him some twenty feet.

"What," he gasped—"what do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long

white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us."

POSSIBLY

Customer—I think this meat is spoiled.
Meat Market Proprietor—Perhaps so, mum, but that meat came from a prize lamb, and it may have been petted too much.

It happened in front of the village post-office.

An old farmer was holding his frightened team while an automobile rushed by.

"Queer how horses are so skeered of them things," said one of the loafers.

"Queer?" grumbled the farmer. "What would you do if you should see my pants coming down the street with nothing in them?"



PREPARING FOR THE WORST

Dyspeptic Diner (who has eaten quite heartily)—Waiter, you can bring me another helping of lobster Newburg, and then ring up Main 62404 for my doctor.

A WHOPPER

He was a modest angler. Silently he had listened to the campers tell of the big ones they had caught, some of them tremendous fellows. Then by and by they asked him if he had distinguished himself that day by the taking of one worth mentioning.

"Only one," he said. "And the river fell six inches when I landed him."

Whereupon the symposium adjourned to the bunk.

QUITE A CONVENIENCE

Bill—I'm takin' up a collection to build him a monument.

Joe—Who?

Bill—De inventor of the vacuum cleaner; think of gettin' spruced up without water!"

SMALL QUARTERS

"What's the matter with this elevator?" asked the nervous man. "You keep trying to run it through the roof."

"You'll have to excuse me," replied the operator. "I'm not used to one of these little twenty-story buildings."

VERY MUCH PUT OUT

He kindled the flame of desire,
Of this there wasn't a doubt,
But she "poured cold water upon it,"
And he felt very much "put out."



TIME FOR A CHANGE

When you find yourself "all at sea" it's time to anchor for a change in the tide.

TOO LATE

"What are you wearing that thing for?" asked Mrs. Swallow, when her husband came home with a band of crepe around his hat.

"For your first husband," replied Mr. Swallow. "I'm sorry he died."

THEY NEEDN'T WAIT

A young girl, fresh from the country, was employed by an English mistress as maid. They were about retiring for the night when she explained to Bridget:

"We generally have breakfast about eight o'clock."

Bridget, looking at mistress in an amusing way, with candlestick turned sideways in hand, grease dropping on the carpet, said:

"All right, if I'm not down, don't wait."

FREEZING THE DOG.

An Irishman, having gone out in his night-gown a bitter cold night to stop the howling of a dog, was found by his wife almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Howly murder, Mike," says she, "what would ye be after doin'?"

"Tush," said Mike. "Don't ye see Oi'm tryin' to fraze the baste?"



SILENCE IS GOLDEN

That which is left unsaid is sometimes the most eloquent.

GOOD AT RAISING SOMETHING

"I wish that you would raise something."

The farmer started to explain;

His son looked up: "I thought you said That I was always raising cain."

AN INDIAN SIGN

And still she stands with outstretched hands
Her cold, pale lips are dumb,
O sightless girl of speech bereft,
Will succor never come?
Will no one heed thy pleadings mute?
Is Christian kindness dead?
In gain of pleasure's mad pursuit
None heed the downcast head.
Ah! here is help. From open door
Comes forth the man of sin;
The clerk of the tobacco store
Runs out and wheels her in.

HER IDEA OF IT

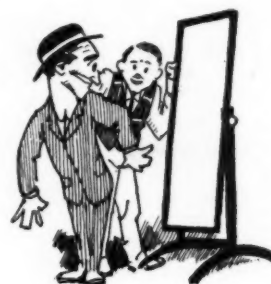
A little girl, when asked by her teacher to distinguish between the human and the animal families, replied:

"A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

IT DEPENDS ON THE APPETITE

Stout Lady (watching the lions being fed)
—"Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for sech a big animal."

Attendant (with show of politeness)—"I s'pose it does seem like a little meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."



SUITS

The preacher gives us prayers
The lawyer gives us wits,
The doctor gives us medicine
But the tailor gives us fits.

MADE A HIT

Teacher—"How nicely Johnnie recites 'Woodman Spare that Tree!'"

Superintendent—"Yes, he even shakes like a leaf."

DID HE COUNT HIMSELF

"Don't you want to put in a talking machine for the amusement of your customers?" asked the agent.

"What would I do with another one? Haven't I got four talking machines here already?" replied the barber, with a gesture in the direction of his assistants.

DISSATISFACTION

"Are you still talking about your income tax?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Williams. "I can't get my mind off it. It's sure to cause dissatisfaction. I'm resentful because I have to pay so much and yet I'm sorry my assessment isn't larger."

The Man in the Chair

Continued from page 108

that they play for all of us and they play together. It is team work on the stage. There is no looking aside at the audience as if to say, "Didn't I do it?"

The audience moves forward in their chairs when Tom Griswold enters, thinking "Can that be William Hodge?" The sandy hair of his youth has grown long and is powdered gray. Every motion reveals the life-long study he has made of the working man, for Tom Griswold is, without any doubt, the most wonderful presentation of the working man on the stage that has ever been known in history. Every movement from the knarled hands and knuckles indicates the study of the infinitesimal details that has contributed to the success of William Hodge. The daughter with the detective, the doctor, every character just artfully blends, and in Joie, who afterwards proves to be Jerry, the daughter of Griswold, is found a sweet and wholesome character.

Without tragic wail or pathos she wins the hearts of the audience with just the same spirit of the father. The background is of present life. Crime, after all, seems to have been necessary to have thrown out the light and beauty of the closing scenes.

The curtain does not fall on the usual lovers' embrace and living happy ever after, but upon the glorification of filial devotion—the meeting of father and daughter and the memory of the mother and the little round picture. It is a love scene in the truest sense of the word, revealing after all that all real, enduring love has in it the elements of paternal and maternal devotion.

Affairs and Folks

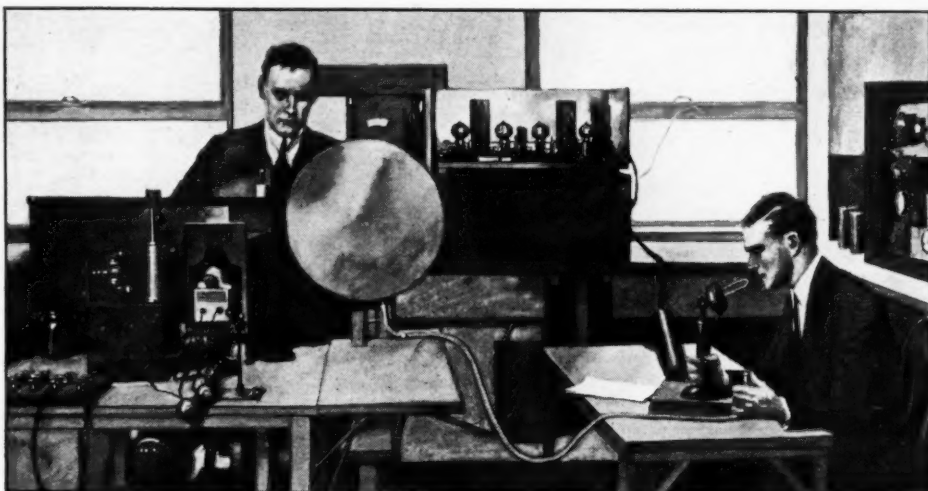
Continued from page 120

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Writing Plays by Wholesale

Continued from page 113

see the art of playmaking, it has no set rules and no sure-fire methods. About all it amounts to is that one writes the best he can at the time. As he grows bigger, or smaller, he writes better or worse, and no living man or woman can help him at his task. This is, of course, a confession of weakness and a shocking revelation calculated to completely destroy what little reputation I have so laboriously built up, yet it is the sum of all I have been able to learn in almost twenty-five years. I must admit, however, to have been writing under a constantly growing handicap, having had the misfortune to have been born both a Christian and an American."

All Aboard for the Brockton Fair

Continued from page 110

him free rein—and they usually have, as they are appreciative of his self-sacrificing work toward the goal. "More green grass, more trees and shrubbery, everything dressed up and appropriate for its purpose" is the way he speaks of his ambitions, in a mouthful.

The Brockton Agricultural Society does not merely hold a fair five days and five nights. It maintains a city office every day in the year, from which information regarding the fair and its many interests is being continually sent out to magazines and papers devoted to the many-sided departments. Readers of literature everywhere have the Brockton Fair kept continually before them, and always in an interesting way. The society has as its publicity representative Elroy Sherman Thompson, a newspaper man, former secretary of the Brockton Chamber of Commerce, once a city official, experienced in community and patriotic activities in times of war and peace. Mr. Thompson is manager of the Brockton Fair City Office as well as publicity representative for the society. He is always on the job, writes stories, makes speeches, and puts the Brockton Fair into moving pictures and into the minds and hearts of the people until it just naturally remains there.

There are many things which the Brockton Fair is called. The horse racing fraternity term it "The Lexington of the East." The various departments have individually won for it the distinction of putting on the best show in the various individual lines to which these departments are devoted. The management carries on its letter head a confession. It admits being "the greatest Agricultural, Industrial and Educational fair in the East," and spends its days and nights living up to that declaration.

Last year the official publication of the Brockton Agricultural Society, the *Fair News*, consisted of sixty-four pages of as attractive a magazine as was ever put together in the interest of any exhibition. One section was devoted to a brief history of the Brockton Agricultural Society and the forty-nine fairs of its history. This section contained a slogan, if such it might be called, typical of the sincerity of the management, as a part of its historical title: "First fifty years of Brockton Fair. Its history glorious; its future unlimited."

Yes, the fiftieth anniversary Brockton Fair was wonderful, but—President Field says, "The first fair in the second half of the first century will be still more so."

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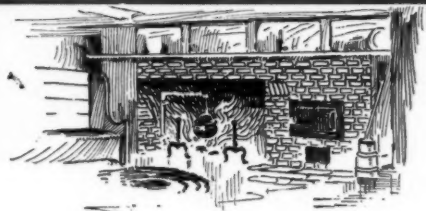
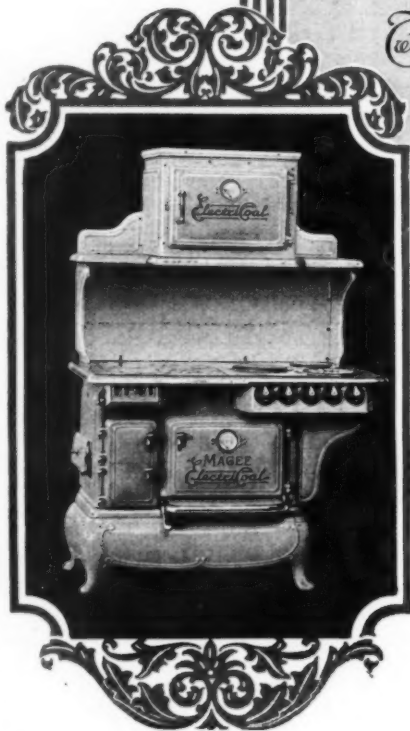
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Books, Authors and You

Continued from page 122

opinions about movies and motion picture people. He gives everybody, from the authors and the directors to the exhibitors and the public, a good, old-fashioned spanking. Lane's principal lament is that the almighty dollar is the idol of moviedom, to the disadvantage of the advancement of the photoplay as an art. It's a vitriolic book that is badly needed.

I'm sorry that I can't announce a great book on radio. It's still to be written. There are countless books that claim to be very simple and easy for the beginner to understand, but I haven't been introduced to one that really is. Some of the radio authors try very hard to be non-technical, and they usually succeed for the first twenty or thirty pages, but then become lost (as far as I'm concerned) in a maze of technicalities and strange radio words.

John V. L. Hogan's "The Outline of Radio" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston) is not as bad as most of the rest. The first part, telling what radio is and how it works, is really understandable. I used to think that Marconi and Edison were almost entirely responsible for radio, but this book showed me how wrong I was. Dozens of men had their parts in making radio practical. Did you know that a radio wave travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second? Well, you do now.

"The Radio Handbook" (Lefax Inc., Philadelphia) is loose-leaf, and when you buy the book you receive a card that entitles you to receive monthly bulletins describing the latest developments in radio. If the entire book were as clear as this, it would be the book: "Suppose you are watching a chip floating near the edge of a quiet pond. If someone drops a stone in the middle of the pond, the water ripples spread out in rings and soon the chip is bobbing up and down. This is very much indeed like radio. The stone corresponds to the transmitting station, the chip is the receiving station, and the ripples correspond to the electric waves which constitute radio."

If you have a boy who wants to learn radio painlessly, give him Sara Ware Bassett's "Walter and the Wireless" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). It has lots of useful information mixed in with the story about two boys.

A rather "deep" book is "Radio Telephony for Amateurs" (David McKay Company, Philadelphia) by Stuart Ballantine. If the last word of the title were "Professionals" it would be more fitting.

Elmer E. Bucher gives a simple explanation of sound waves in his "Vacuum Tubes in Wireless Communication" (Wireless Press, New York). He says that we can't hear vibrations above 20,000 per second, but states that some animals can hear more rapid vibrations. I believe this, because I used to know a man who could whistle in such a high tone that no human ear could catch the sound, but his dog would catch the sound and would come running to his master. It was uncanny.

If you want to make your own set, read the same author's "The Wireless Experimenter's Manual." Mr. Bucher's "How to Pass the U. S. Government Wireless License Examinations" gives 316 actual government questions and their answers. (Wireless Press, New York.)

For years it has been customary among reviewers to speak of Sherwood Anderson as "groping." Alas, it will be necessary for them to

seek a new adjective, for his latest collection of tales, "Horses and Men" (B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York) displays such excellent understanding that Anderson very evidently "knows what it's all about." However, the critics need not despair, for Anderson's characters are still "groping."

Just when the critics had decided that the fiction day of the younger and wilder generation was over, along came Cyril Hume with his big-selling "Wife of the Centaur" (George H. Doran Company, New York). Hume has gone to Europe on the proceeds from motion picture rights. He deserves this success, because he has genius. His people live. His style is out-of-the-ordinary. He can write.

D. H. Lawrence's "Kangaroo" (Thomas Seltzer, New York) has all the qualifications that a good novel should have—strong characterization, conflict, impressive background, plot. But it would still be a worth-while book if it lacked all these things. It would be worth-while because Lawrence wrote it, and he can really write. A fault of this book, as noticeable as in his preceding novels, is the extreme unnaturalness of his conversations. No one talks in the bookish, philosophical manner customary to Lawrence characters—at least no one in the social positions of which the author writes.

There's something tragic about the young woman who finds herself slipping helplessly into old-maidhood. Shirley Hodson, central character of G. St. John-Loe's "Beggar's Banquet" (Thomas Seltzer, New York) found herself in that precarious position and decided that she would take radical steps to keep out of the pit. She did, successfully.

The word "lummox" expresses the spirit of Fannie Hurst's novel of that name (Harper & Bros., New York). It's the story of a big, lumbering woman who is—well, a lummox. She is one of the oddest characters in American fiction. Fannie Hurst's style, in this book, is exaggeratedly impressionistic. Often she writes disconnected jumbles of words that have meaning for her, but that are, quite likely, to be without significance to the reader, assuming that the reader is one of the vast majority who read quickly.

Face to Face with Celebrities

Continued from page 128

versality of her appeal extends from the dough-boys to the poor boys from the Bowery, the Salvation Army lads and lassies, as well as to Princes, Kings, Queens and Emperors whom she has entertained.

Her home on the Hudson is an historic retreat. Lakes, hills, flowers are her surroundings. When a fire was discovered in her home recently, she directed the fire fighters in putting out the blaze, and saved the house like a real "emergency girl." The Fire Brigade, in brave scarlet uniforms, had been her guests in years past, and this was their chance to prove their gratitude.

On her last tour of the Keith Circuit I had the pleasure of again talking with Elsie Janis in New York. I had met her overseas, during those dark, dreary days of the World War, and during our talk, with that familiar toss of her head, she said:

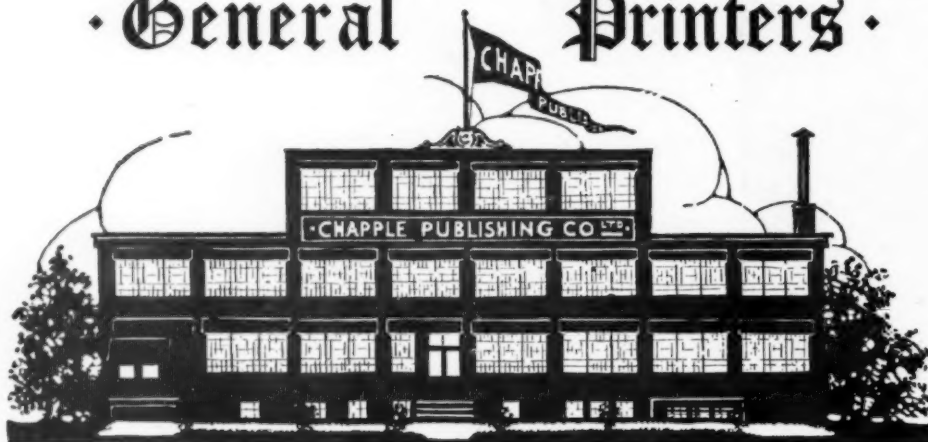
"My ideas have always been so broad that most of my friends wear shock absorbers."

Many insist that Elsie Janis would have made an eminent success of anything she undertook, for she seems to be one of those individuals who know how to diffuse herself.

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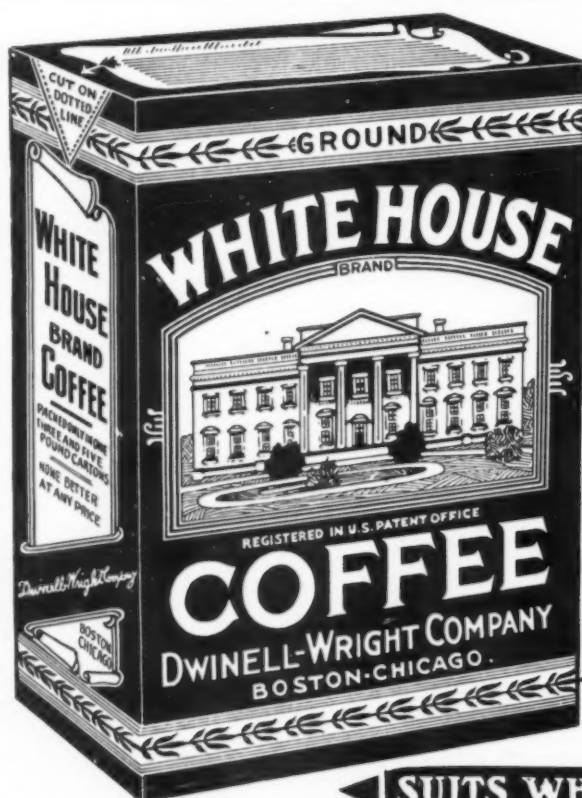
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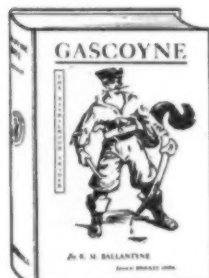
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Australia—the Lonely and Unique Continent

A Land of Luring Charm and Beauty, Where Nature Riots in Bewildering Forms of Animal Life, and Pre-historic Forests Still Survive

WE have spent seven weeks in Australia—Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Brisbane. In common with Americans generally, I have known too little of this enchanting Commonwealth located so far from the center of all the world's activities. I believe there is no country favored with greater natural advantages for commerce, agricultural pursuits and residence than Australia.

Few Americans visit this continent, separated by thousands of miles of water from the ordinary travel routes, but those persistent travellers who seek new sights can find no where on the earth's surface more things of interest to inquiring minds, more beautiful scenery, more strange kinds of animal life—or a more hospitable people than in Australia.

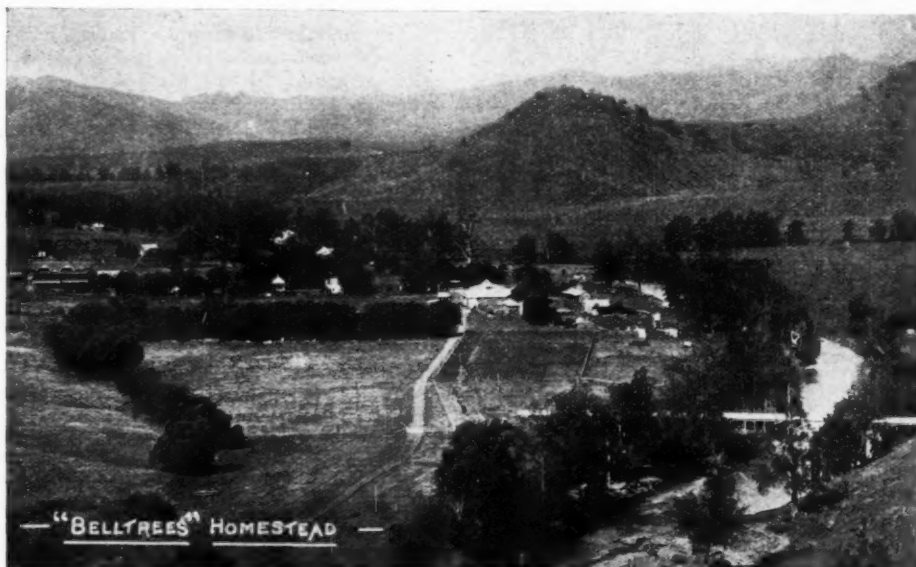
Now that the world has become such a little place, thanks to the modern methods of conveyance, and even Africa has ceased to be a "Dark Continent," it gives one a thrill, here in the Antipodes, to realize that he is seeing with his own

eyes strange sights that most of his countrymen have only read about in the school geography or works of travel.

But Australia is a land of luring beauty—a continent of charm—and swift steamers are bringing it ever nearer to the capitals of the world. Cook's tourists will be buying picture post cards here within the next few years—and Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney will be as well known to the travelled person as London, Paris and Hamburg, are today.

More than six thousand, seven hundred miles distant from San Francisco across the wide Pacific lies Sydney, the capital city of New South Wales.

The harbor of Sydney is superb, with many miles of deep water and frontage protected by the "Heads"—north and south. The "Heads" consist of sheer rock from three to five hundred feet high, supplying superior opportunities for fortification and natural protection from storm. The harbor is in general about ten miles long



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and two miles wide and its edges are fringed with many bays, large and small, with hills sloping from the water. These points and curvature of land supply most attractive residence sites and beaches with almost constant breezes down the valleys and over the harbor in one direction or another. The citizens have made the most of their beauty spots and have built bungalow residences generally overlooking the harbor, and many of them beautifully terraced with flower gardens down the slopes.

We of Boston are proud of our harbor, but we must see Sydney to appreciate superiority.

The municipality or city of Sydney is about fifteen square miles, with many suburban adjoining residential municipalities, together forming a population of about eight hundred thousand, of which less than half is in the city proper. The ferry system in the harbor from city to suburbs on the opposite side is very fine. At a cost of only eight pence one may ride for ten miles and return—on as beautiful a boat ride as one could take anywhere. The shorter ferry rides cost two pence and three pence, depending on distance. The ferries are privately owned, and notwithstanding these low rates are paying good dividends.

The harbors of Melbourne and Adelaide are only second to Sydney, but are three to four miles from the cities. Brisbane is also beautiful, but in a different way. The harbor consists of a navigable river about ten miles from the mouth, to and through the center of the city, and beautifully fringed with hills and residences.

Melbourne is especially attractive on account of its broad streets and boulevards, laid out on plan lines, with modern business buildings. Adelaide, the city proper, is about two square miles and surrounding it on all four sides are public parks about one mile wide with the most beautiful residences outside this area. The city has inside a good start and eventually, with the beautifying of these parks, will be most attractive.

Like Sydney, the other Australian cities are surrounded by residential municipalities.

The railroads—both city "trams" and steam roads—are owned and operated by the several states with the exception of Brisbane, where the

"trams" are privately owned and operated. Unfortunately the steam railroads of the several states—New South Wales (the capital of which is Sydney); Queensland (capital, Brisbane); Victoria (capital, Melbourne); South Australia (capital, Adelaide) and West Australia (capital, Perth), started along independent lines with three different gauges—with the result that travel between the principal cities, ranging from five hundred to seven hundred miles apart, necessitates changing cars and transferring freight at the state lines, with the exception of from Melbourne to Adelaide, the railroads of Victoria and South Australia being of the same gauge.

Barring this slight annoyance, travel in Australia is quite comfortable and the cars ("carriages") well appointed.

Politically, the Commonwealth of Australia like Canada, has self government, practically independent of the British Empire, of which they form a part. Labor is more completely and more generally organized in Australia than in America and in all the states one of the leading parties is "The Labor Party" which is in power in several of the states and principal cities.

In December, 1921, the Labor Party, which was in power in Sydney, was defeated by a large majority.

This political condition takes the form of more wages and less hours and consequent tendency toward underproduction, which is having a serious effect on the industry of Australia at this

time of general industrial depression. Before it can secure the maximum of its natural advantages, Australia must learn that higher wages, less working hours and consequent high costs do not make for industrial production; but the employers and dealers must also learn in many lines of industry to be content with less overhead expense and profit.

Australia boasts that it is ninety-seven per cent white population and its general policy is to exclude the yellow and black races, but there is sharp division along this line, some contending that under proper restrictions the country needs the Japanese, Chinese and Hindoos, especially in its agricultural pursuits. For instance, the natural conditions offer cotton raising as an industry, but this cannot be accomplished by white "labor."

Agriculture consists chiefly of grazing, grains and sugar with fruits and vegetables for home consumption. Agricultural products are retailed at low prices compared with the United States. Grazing generally is conducted on large stations (ranches). A large part of the country is government property and a great deal of grazing is on these lands. Imagine driving sheep by thousands and thousands from western Queensland to the railroad points in Victoria for marketing at Melbourne—a driving distance of about one thousand miles—requiring nine months, the sheep feeding and fattening on the trip.

In manufacture, Australia can hardly expect to excel for many years except for home consumption, and its export trade will be essentially confined to its agricultural products. Beef, mutton, wool and hides grown and packed in Australia are standards for many parts of the world, and shipments to Europe are immense. The shipment of wheat is a large branch of Australian export commerce.

From points of view of both income and production, the policy of Australia is strongly towards high tariffs on goods which are or can be produced in Australia.

Freight rates to Australia are reasonably low. For instance, at present, on heavy low-priced merchandise rates from San Francisco and New York are only about eight dollars per ton. Costs of imported articles are high, including American produced implements. When we find "B.V.D." cotton underwear costing one pound (at present exchange say \$4.40) per suit, the combined high costs of the articles in United States, freight and import tariff are insufficient to account for the high price, and we must turn to the Australian merchant's profit and overhead as a prime cause. Hundreds of other imports similarly situated might be cited.

Minimum labor rates and maximum sale prices of general commodities in Australia are fixed by Arbitration Courts, and as to any industry

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citizens may appeal to this court for consideration of prices in that industry. The natural tendency is towards price leveling, but in some cases the rulings do not seem to fairly encourage thrift. For instance, in one manufacturing industry a producer, who had from thirty years' thrift, economy, adoption of most modern machinery, cash sales with no credits and advertising, built up a very large business, was required by the court to sell its product at three pence per dozen, or about ten per cent less than its competitors, because it was proved that the thrifty management could produce at that amount less than competitors doing business on a more extravagant scale.

Post-war period and present low exchange value of the English pound against American dollars is clearly demoralizing American trade with Australia. As one instance, an Australian manufacturer already using a machine built in the United States costing about \$14,000, required another, and would have gladly purchased in the United States, but the exchange made such purchase impracticable and he is having the machine built in Australian shops—good for Australia, but bad for the United States. Merchants in Australia give the exchange rate as a prime reason for the present low ebb of Australian commerce. It was recently said that one large Australian ship-owning corporation doing business throughout the world had twenty of its ships out of commission, at anchor in the ports of Australasia.

Australia has abundance of coal, iron and other raw materials for construction and other industries, including an abundance of hard wood—mostly eucalyptis, and gum woods—but its soft woods must be imported, chiefly from California and Oregon. It has very large, well tariff-protected steel mills, largely shut down, the owner stating that with high costs of labor they cannot compete with foreign countries.

Many proprietary articles of the United States—especially those which require comparatively little machinery—have their Australian corporations producing for Australian consumption and evidently generally doing a very successful business.

I believe that the natural God-made advantages of Australia are such that the time is not far distant when its man-made set-backs will be

overcome and that Australia will be one of the greatest countries of the world. In land area, it is slightly greater than the United States, omitting Alaska.

Australians are most hospitable, and after a week or two there, one does not realize that home is ten thousand miles away.

Curiously enough (to an American), Australia is almost exactly the size and very nearly the same shape as the United States—and the establishment of its first colony was due to the outcome of the Revolutionary War, and thus is an episode in the history of the United States. The British Government proposed to colonize the newly-discovered continent with such Tories as found life in the American Colonies uncomfortable, provide them with land and money and Malay slaves or English convicts as laborers.

The Tories, however, preferred Canada to Australia as a place of residence and the benevolent colonization scheme fell through, to be succeeded by the idea of utilizing this isolated land as a dumping ground for undesirable citizens of the British Isles—as previous to the Revolution the American Colonies had so been utilized.

The real history of Australia begins, therefore, with the year 1788, when a thousand and thirty-five convicts were landed at Sydney Cove under military escort, and the story of the slow and painful exploration of the country during the years that followed makes a record of human endeavor and human endurance that reads like the wildest fiction.

One of the chief wonders of Australia—a land of surprises—is its beautiful and unique flora. Most of the ten thousand species of plants have no counterpart in other lands and its vast forests are in appearance totally unlike the wooded regions of other parts of the world, because many of its trees as well as many of its animals are survivals of pre-historic ages—indeed, its trees are mostly forms that flourished in our own land long before the dawn of human history, and finally became extinct more than a million years ago. Among these are the great tree ferns that in some places are found only in fossil form.

For Australia, virtually unknown to the world until Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay in 1770, is geologically speaking, one of the oldest continents of the earth. Moreover, being isolated



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by a great barrier of water from the other lands for some millions of years, thus preventing the influx of the higher forms of animal and vegetable life that gradually evolved during the slow passing of the ages, the primitive forms have been allowed to exist, so that if we may accept the evidence of our own eyes when we walk through the great Australian forests we have turned back the calendar of time some million and a half of years and are wandering in the Jurassic age.

Australia is the home of the eucalyptus tree, about which a whole library has been written, of which some three hundred species have been classified, and which has for geological ages preserved its individual identity.

It is the home also of the world's strangest animals—that great family of marsupials ranging in size from the giant kangaroo that stands

as high as a man, to tiny creatures as small as mice—the duck-billed platypus—nature's biggest joke of the animal kingdom—the spiny ant-eater that like the platypus lays eggs, yet suckles its young—the wallaby, the wombat and the bandicoot (all marsupials)—the koola or native “bear” that feeds on the leaves of the gum tree at night and sleeps among its branches by day and makes an attractive but unintelligent pet. Some 390 species of lizards are recorded, including the legless lizards that may easily be mistaken for snakes, the glow-worm that grows to a length of two feet, yet is so brittle that it snaps into pieces if handled, and the iguanos that are sometimes six feet long.

Australia is one great aviary, stocked with hundreds of species of the most beautiful and the most unusual birds in the world, many of them sweet singers, some of them of gigantic

size, and a few that seem like travesties on bird life—particularly the kookooburra or “laughing jackass,” a silly looking, clumsy bird that emits loud peals of uproarious laughter. Silly as it looks, however, and clumsily constructed as it is, the “laughing jackass” fills an important part in the domestic economy of Australia by killing great numbers of snakes of which the continent has something like a hundred species, about three-quarters of which are venomous. So highly regarded is the kookooburra for his public spirited endeavor to rid this Eden of the serpent that he is rigidly protected by law.

The emu, which differs from the ostrich by having a shorter neck, feathers that resemble hair, and three toes on each foot instead of two, is the National bird and shares with the kangaroo the honor of being blazoned on the Commonwealth coat of arms. It can travel over open ground about half as fast as a Ford car under forced draught and can kick sideways or backward hard enough to break a man's leg.

The mallee hens and brush turkeys build a sort of home-made community incubator of sticks, leaves and earth, sometimes ten feet high, in which they lay their eggs and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the decomposing vegetable matter—very much after the fashion of the gator of the South.

The bower bird builds a playhouse of grass and twigs, adorned with any bright and shining objects they can pick up, in which they woo their lady loves with quaint and dignified dances, bowing and scraping like cavaliers of old.

Like the trees and animals, the aborigines—“bush-men” or “blackfellows”—are a survival of pre-historic times. The Digger Indians of Lower California, who vanished from the scene within the memory of living men, who had no form of marriage ceremony, no trace of religion, no myth of the Creation or the flood, and who lived on snakes, ants, roots and beetles, lacking all knowledge of agriculture, weaving, and the other rudimentary domestic arts that nearly all savages possess to some degree, were a free, enlightened and progressive people compared to the Australian “blackfellow”—whom to all intents and purposes is a living example of the Neolithic man, who ante-dated the mammoth in the calendar of life.

Clothes, tools, weapons, dishes, or the crudest form of habitation mean nothing but useless impediments to him. They cramp his style. He is the original “nature man.” All others are base imitations. A cave or a sheltering rock serves him for habitation, a piece of bark or the skin of a kangaroo protects him from the rain, and a few stones for crushing roots, stone knives and a crude sort of scoop are all the household utensils that he deems necessary. A stone hatchet, a boomerang, a club, a few spears and a throwing stick equip him for the chase or war—and as a hunter or a warrior he is not to be despised.

By nature, habit and inherited instinct he is so many thousands of years removed from civilization that there is no place for him where the white man's foot has trod. Though he is now protected by law, just as some of our fast-disappearing game birds are protected, the “blackfellow,” who fills no place in the economic scheme of the present age, is doomed to extinction, and fast disappearing.

Australia is the land of wool and mutton—with sheep “stations” as they are called, sometimes as large as the smallest of the New England states, and cattle ranches comprising hundreds of thousands of acres. The distances over which

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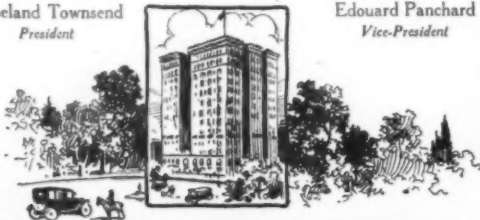


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cattle are driven, and the wool clip hauled by bullock cart to market are tremendous, requiring often several months to reach their destination. That Australia is the leader among nations in average wealth per head of population is largely due to the stockman. Australian wool, mutton, beef and hides are known in every market in the world.

Like the daisy, the English sparrow and the browntail moth with which we are afflicted in the States—all of them imported from England by misguided enthusiasts—the plague of rabbits from which Australia suffers, started from the hares which English sportsmen imported in order that they might enjoy the old-country sport of "coursing the hare." Almost unbelievable tales of their numbers and the damage they inflict upon growing crops are told. At one time, in spite of the utmost efforts of the settlers to destroy them with gun and trap and poison and dogs, it seemed that a large section of the country was doomed to be swept clean of vegetation by the millions of "bunnies" that were over-running it. Only by the most determined and desperate efforts, including the building of more than a hundred thousand miles of "rabbit proof" wire fencing to confine them to certain localities, were the pests put within bounds.

Now, tons of them are shipped, frozen, to England yearly for food (the Australian himself will not eat them), and hundreds of thousands of their skins are utilized for making furs and felts.

Though the casual tourist does not hear any reference to it, a very considerable portion of the interior land surface of Australia is bare and arid desert—an inhospitable waste that makes

Death Valley and the Mohave Desert look like fertile meadows by comparison.

An enormous area of the continent in proportion to its size is totally unfit for human habitation—the fertile, habitable sections lying like a fringe of variable width around the outer edge. The Great Desert of Australia, which can only be penetrated at certain favorable seasons by camel trains, virtually divides the continent in two parts, practically isolating the people of West Australia from the rest of the country.

This is a "White man's country," and more English than England herself. Immigration is far more closely restricted than in America and the black, brown and yellow races are rigidly excluded. Indeed, Australia, that gave us our form of ballot, points to America as a glaring example of the results of lax or ineffectual immigration laws.

A wonderful country this, with a great future assured, too little known on our side of the world—but destined to be better known as time goes on to the American tourist and the American business man.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL HINTS

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STEAMSHIPS AND SAILINGS

STEAMSHIP rates vary slightly on the larger liners according to the time of year passage is engaged. The winter rates are somewhat lower than the summer tariffs, which are in force from about May 1st to August 1st eastbound, and from August 1st to October 15th westbound. If one is sailing eastward or westward respec-

tively within the dates mentioned above, arrangements should be made well in advance. The choice of berths for the same price varies greatly and it is the rule of most steamship lines to offer the best berths to those who book earliest. A 25 per cent deposit is required to hold the reservations. The balance of the fare must be paid upon the delivery of the ticket, three or four weeks prior to the sailing date. If prior to date of final payment the traveler notifies the steamship company that he is unable to use the accommodations, the company will arrange to transfer him to a subsequent steamer of the same line with similar reservations, provided circumstances permit. Or if cancellation of the passage is necessary, the accommodations will be placed on sale, and if resold the company usually returns the amount paid, less expenses incurred. If not resold, the company reserves the right to demand a forfeiture of the amount paid. All refunds are subject to a five to ten per cent cancellation fee.

The passage rates vary greatly with the size and speed of the steamer, and also the location and size of the stateroom. A United States or Canadian revenue tax of \$5 is added to all steamship tickets eastbound, costing more than \$60 in the United States and \$65 in Canada. Infants up to one year of age are carried at a nominal charge of about eleven dollars, second cabin, and from sixteen to twenty dollars first cabin. Half fare is charged for children over one year and under ten. Full fare must be paid for children over ten. The minimum rate first cabin to England or France during the winter season on the largest liners is approximately \$250, which is increased during the summer

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CUMBERLAND HOTEL, Broadway & 54th Street
ENDICOTT HOTEL, 81st Street & Columbus Ave.
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season to \$275. On the smaller or slower liners the winter rate is approximately \$200 and the summer rate about \$225. To the Scandinavian ports the winter and summer rates are approximately \$190 and up. To the Mediterranean ports, approximately \$235 and up.

The minimum rate second cabin to England or France on the largest liners is about \$145. On the smaller or slower steamers the price ranges from \$125 (\$5 additional is usually added to the ticket, on other than French lines, when the passenger debarks at a French port). To the Scandinavian countries the minimum rate is approximately \$135. To the Mediterranean ports, approximately \$160.

First cabin on the larger liners we recommend to those who expect or who are accustomed to luxury. As a rule the rooms have one, two or three berths. Many rooms are en suite.

Second cabin on the larger liners will be found enjoyable in every respect, and equal to first cabin accommodations of a few years ago. Persons of all ranks who prefer to travel in more simple style than that of first cabin, but yet in perfect comfort, and with the assurance of congenial company, select second cabin. On the swifter liners where time as well as expense is an essential element, this factor will be an added attraction. Rooms are fitted with two, three or four berths.

A "cabin" or "monoclass" steamer is one that carries mainly one class of passengers and corresponds in price to second cabin on the larger liners. These steamers are becoming deservedly more popular each year. They are not usually as swift or as large as the steamers carrying three classes, but generally allow more freedom and deck space to the passengers. Many of these cabin steamers sail from Montreal or Quebec. This route is the most scenic of all, following as it does the beautiful St. Lawrence River for nearly a thousand miles before the open sea is reached. This makes the actual ocean passage only about four days—an added inducement to those inclined to seasickness.

In connection with the steamship tickets, rail tickets from port of disembarkation in England or France, to London and Paris, can be obtained through the good offices of the steamship lines. The rates quoted below are subject to change without notice:

From	To	1st class	2nd class
Cherbourg	Paris	\$5.50	\$3.75
Havre	"	3.75	2.50
Boulogne	"	4.00	2.50
Plymouth	London	\$11.65	\$7.40
Southampton	"	5.10	2.55
Liverpool	"	11.45	6.50
Glasgow	"	22.85	13.00
Newcastle	"	10.35	5.45

Bennett's Travel Bureau is the recognized agent of all the steamship lines, and therefore we are especially equipped to assist you in making your travel arrangements. Our complete library of steamship plans, rate sheets and sailing schedules, is at your disposal, together with our knowledge of the various lines and steamers. We are glad to furnish you this information without cost or obligation on your part. Write, telephone, or call on our Steamship Manager, telling him the port of departure you prefer, the price you wish to pay, and the approximate date of sailing, and he will give you intelligent assistance.

There are three kinds of measurements of ships—gross, net and displacement tonnage. *Gross tonnage* is the total internal capacity below the upper deck, and also of all enclosed deck houses above it, measured in tons of 100 cubic

feet. *Net tonnage* is obtained by subtracting from the gross tonnage all spaces used for the accommodation of the officers and crew, for gear necessary for the working of the ship, and for the machinery, including boilers and engines. *Displacement tonnage* is the total weight of water displaced by a ship when loaded to its utmost capacity. It is a variable quantity, depending upon the weight of the ship itself and the nature of its cargo.

LETTERS, TELEGRAMS, CABLES AND RADIO MESSAGES

Steamer letters and telegrams for passengers sailing to or arriving from Europe should be addressed as follows:

Mr
 Passenger per *S. S.*
 Care of
 (Name of steamship company)

Sailing (date)
 (or arriving)

It is recommended that the sender's name and return address be placed upon all letters and telegrams to insure return in case of non-delivery.

In addressing mail to friends in Europe remember that a five-cent stamp is necessary on all letters sent to the continent, and a two-cent stamp on letters sent to the British Isles. Bennett's New York or San Francisco office will be glad to forward any mail sent in its care for patrons who are traveling independently. Address an envelope to Bennett's Travel Bureau. Enclose within it the second envelope (containing letter) with the proper postage thereon as noted above, and with only the name of the client written plainly. We will fill in the address and remail by the first steamer.

Party members before leaving America will be given postcards to be sent to friends and relatives, showing their European addresses. In forwarding mail to party members in Europe, ample time should be allowed all letters to reach New York. A delay of at least two or three days should be allowed in New York, as steamers are not sailing daily to each European port. The following time-schedule is usually sufficient from New York to European points:

	Days		Days		Days
Amsterdam	10	Florence	11	Madrid	11
Athens	14	Frankfort	11	Milan	11
Barcelona	12	Geneva	11	Montreux	11
Bergen	12	Genoa	11	Munich	12
Berlin	12	Glasgow	9	Naples	14
Brussels	10	Granada	12	Paris	9
Christiania	13	Hague	10	Rome	13
Cologne	11	Interlaken	11	Stockholm	14
Constantinople	15	Liverpool	8	Strasbourg	10
Copenhagen	14	London	8	Trondhjem	15
Dresden	12	Lucerne	11	Venice	12
Edinburgh	9	Lugano	11	Vienna	13

The cable rates noted below are between New York and the countries indicated, and are subject to change without notice. The regular telegraphic rates are added to the cable rates on messages sent to points in the United States beyond New York. In all cables a charge is made for the address and signature. Words are limited in length of fifteen letters in plain word messages and to ten letters when code is used. Reduced rates for deferred plain language messages are quoted at about one-half the regular tariff. When requested, the offices of Bennett's Travel Bureau will open and forward by wire to patrons messages that have been sent in our care. Patrons expecting such cablegrams or telegrams should make a deposit covering charges for forwarding. If this deposit is not made, all telegrams or cablegrams will be forwarded by mail unopened. A charge will be made only for

actual expenses incurred in the transmitting of such messages. Bennett's Travel Bureau cannot accept any responsibility for loss or delay in connection with telegrams, cables and radio messages.

Per word	Per word	Per word
Algeria \$0.32	Germany \$0.36	Portugal \$0.39
Austria .39	Gibraltar .43	Roumania .41
Azores .25	Greece .36	Scotland .25
Belgium .25	Holland .25	Sicily .31
Bulgaria .40	Hungary .37	Spain .38
Denmark .35	Ireland .25	Sweden .38
Egypt .50	Italy .31	Switzerland .30
England .25	Luxembourg .30	Turkey (Euro- pean) .36
France .25	Netherlands .25	
	Norway .35	

Telegrams or cablegrams sent to Bennett's Travel Bureau to be forwarded to clients in Europe should read as follows:

"Bennetours, New York
Inform Mrs. John Doe (then follows message)".

The Radio Company furnishes a highly satisfactory and effective service for European travelers to communicate with friends in America or *vice versa*. At present the telegraph companies of the United States do not accept radiograms for Europe, but instead route these via cable at the most costly rate. Therefore it is not yet possible for those outside of New York City, Washington, D. C., or San Francisco to avail themselves of the Radio Corporation's European service. Radiograms received from Europe at the radio stations are regularly accepted by the telegraph companies to any point in the United States reached by existing wire systems. Radiograms may be sent in three ways: "urgent" (with additional rate); full or ordinary rate; and "deferred." Using the latter form, a message is sent after the urgent and full messages of the day are transmitted, and the rate is decreased one half. Such messages should be headed:

LCO (Language Country of Origin)
LCD (Language Country of Destination)
LCF (Language Country of France)

Each word in the address, signature and text is charged for. Also in deferred messages the LCO, LCD or LCF is counted as one word. Radio stations in Great Britain are connected by direct wires to all Post-offices in Great Britain and Ireland. Radio stations in Norway are connected by direct wires to Christiania, Bergen, Copenhagen, Stockholm and other important cities. Radio stations are also located at Berlin and Paris. The following are radio rates to Europe (subject to change without notice):

Per word	Per word	Per word	Per word
Austria \$0.30	Danzig \$0.27	Norway \$0.24	
Switzerland .27	Bulgaria .39	Sweden .26	
Italy .26	Great Britain .18	Denmark .25	
Spain .33	France .20	Finland .29	
Portugal .35	Germany .20	Poland .32	

Radio messages to steamers marked "Via R. C. A. New York" may be filed at any Postal Telegraph or Western Union office and be communicated to friends on the Atlantic. The cost is 10 cents a word plus 8 cents (the ship's tax per word) and the telegraph rate to New York. Radio messages may also be sent from ship to ship.

FUNDS

The money belt is obsolete for the ordinary traveler, as it is more convenient to carry funds in the form of traveler's checks or Letters of Credit. We do not advise carrying gold, but a small amount of the currency of the country where the traveler is to land should be purchased in America at a bank before leaving. If one waits to secure it on the steamer a less favorable rate of exchange will be received. Fif-

teen dollars to \$25 is sufficient for immediate expenses upon landing.

Traveler's checks serve as a most convenient form for carrying a few hundred dollars. We recommend the use of American Bankers Association checks, which can be cashed at all hotels or stores. We advise, however, that these checks be cashed at a bank whenever possible, because, due to the fluctuation in rates of exchange, hotel managers must protect themselves by charging a margin of safety in addition to the rate of exchange for the day. Keep a record of the numbers of your checks, and when and where cashed. In case they are lost you can thus stop payment. We will assist you in arranging for these checks if you so desire.

It is advisable to carry for emergency extra funds in traveler's checks, as often it is impossible (and always it is difficult) to cash personal checks on home banks. When this is done, a charge is made for collecting your check in America, and the rate of exchange is very unfavorable to you.

Also it is wise to take about twenty-five dollars in one and five-dollar bills (U. S. banknotes).

Letters of Credit are often called traveling bank accounts. They are used for larger sums than indicated for traveler's checks. The method of obtaining money thereon is very simple. Your identification is effected by comparing your signature with the original placed upon the Letter of Credit. We recommend the use of Letters of Credit of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York. These are issued to all our conductors and we will be glad to assist you in obtaining the same.

In order to learn the rate of exchange for your traveler's checks or on your Letter of Credit, consult a bank. Remember that the rates may change considerably in a half day or even within ten minutes.

The following table shows the normal, or pre-war values of European money in American dollars. Because of the depreciated value of many of the currencies this table will be of little help except to serve as a guide in a general way.

GREAT BRITAIN

4 farthings, 1 penny (d); 12 pence, 1 shilling (s); 20 shillings, 1 pound (£), (the unit) par value equals \$4.87. Copper coins in use are the ha'penny ($\frac{1}{2}$ d) and the penny (1 d). The silver coins in use are the threepence (3 d), the sixpence (6 d) and the shilling (1 s) (about 24 cents par value). Also the two shilling piece (2 s) and the half crown (2/6). Gold coins are rarely seen, as banknotes for the various amounts take their place. The sovereign (or pound) and the half-sovereign are occasionally met. The term "guinea" is frequently used in trade, but the coin itself is obsolete. It is equivalent to 21 shillings.

FRANCE, BELGIUM AND SWITZERLAND

5 centimes, 1 sou. 100 centimes, 1 franc, with par value at \$0.19. Bronze coins in use are the one and two sou pieces. In nickel the 25 centime piece, and in silver the 50 centime piece, one, two and five francs. As in England, gold coins are rarely seen (except in Switzerland), paper taking their place. The 10 franc and 20 franc pieces are normally issued. The latter is often called a Napoleon or Louis, and equivalent at par value to \$3.86.

Note: In France travelers should not accept currency issued by the local communes such as Cherbourg or Havre, as it is not exchangeable in Paris for national tender except at the bank. In Switzerland a 2 franc piece with Helvetia standing is legal tender. The same coin with Helvetia seated is almost worthless. Wherever possible in paying porters or waiters make your own exact change. Get plenty of small change at the bank every time you visit it and you will always secure good currency.

HOLLAND

100 (Dutch) cents, 1 guilder (G) or florin (Fl.) at par value equal to 40 cents.

Copper coins in use are the 1 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ (Dutch) cents.

Silver coins in use are 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents. Also 1 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ florin pieces.

Gold coins in use are the 5 and 10 florins.

ITALY

100 centesimi, 1 lira (L), par value equals \$0.19.

Copper coins in use are 1, 2, 5, 10 centesimi.

Nickel coins in use are 20 and 25 centesimi pieces.

Silver coins in use are 1, 2 and 5 lira pieces.

Gold is even more scarce in Italy than in France, but occasionally 10 and 20 lira coins are seen. Paper money takes the place of many silver coins.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

Practically all metal coins have disappeared from circulation. Brass and aluminum tokens are used in place of the ten and twenty mark pieces in Germany. Paper is used almost entirely, printed in large denominations such as 50, 100, 500 and 1000 mark notes.

NORWAY, SWEDEN AND DENMARK

100 ore (O), 1 krone (Kr.) at par value \$0.27.

Copper coins in use are the 1, 2 and 5 ore pieces.

Silver coins in use are the 10, 25 and 50 ore pieces, also the 1 and 2 kroner coins.

Gold coins occasionally seen are of the 5, 10 and 20 kroner denomination.

Next Month!

Watch for and read

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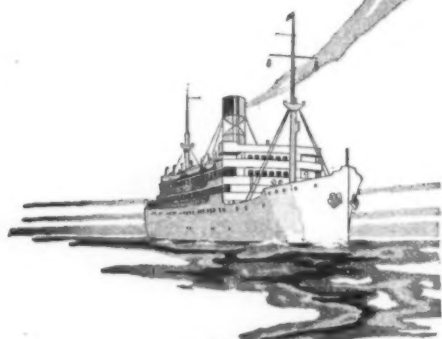
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